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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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Newport, R. I.

Local Matters.

The Mercury Almanac.

The Mercury Almanac for 1903 is now ready for distribution from this office and those who have already secured copies pronounce it one of the most attractive that we have ever issued. A new departure has been taken this year in that there are a number of illustrations of views in Newport and the neighboring towns of Newport county. The almanac contains, besides the usual astronomical phenomena, etc., some valuable hints for housekeepers, tide table for Newport, record of current events in Newport and vicinity during 1902, location of fire alarm boxes and other interesting and valuable matter for reference.

Advertisers have always found the Mercury Almanac a valuable medium and the especial attention of recipients of the book is called to the advertisements therein. The list of advertisers this year comprises J. D. Richardson & Co., Clarence A. Hammett, William Shepley, Simon Hart, C. H. Wrightington, Edward Griffith, George H. Carr, A. E. Burland & Co., M. A. McCornick, Charles Tisdall & Co., W. F. Wyatt, Alex. N. Barker, Armstead Hurley, Sayer Brothers, F. B. Coggeshall, S. S. Thompson, J. K. McLennan, Charles M. Cole, The Gardiner B. Reynolds Co., Neil McLennan, James T. Wright, and E. L. Doucette & Co.

The Mercury Almanac is free to subscribers to the Mercury.

A Wintry Christmas.

At the close of Christmas Day the city presented a remarkably beautiful appearance. The soft damp snow that had fallen during the day clung to trees and hedges and houses, softening up the landscape until it presented a sight that an artist would like to reproduce. It was not a green Christmas; it was a very white one.

The storm began about ten o'clock Thursday morning and the snow fell steadily all day, accumulating fast and packing down hard. It was so heavy that it did not drift at all, but lay where it fell until removed by shovel or snow plow. All exposed wires were covered with a heavy coating of snow making them look like immense cables of white cotton. Fortunately the wind did not blow hard and the damage that would have resulted from overweighted wires was thus averted to a considerable extent.

The cars of the local street railway were somewhat inconvenienced by the storm but were not obliged to abandon the attempt to keep their tracks open, although the cars were run a little behind scheduled time. One car was run right through the night on the city line and consequently the tracks were in condition for travel at the time for resuming business yesterday morning. The cars of the island road did not fare quite as well, but experienced no where near the amount of delay that they did at the last snow storm, probably because there was no drifting. One car of the island road was stalled near the One Mile corner Thursday evening but this was due to an accident to the car itself rather than to the amount of snow on the rails

The snow is well packed down and the sleighing appears to be quite good. Those milkmen who came into the city on runners fared quite well yesterday morning but those who tried to use wheels were considerably behind their usual time for delivering their goods.

Newporter Killed.

George Griswold, 2d, son of J. N. A. Griswold of this city, was decapitated by a train on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, near New Rochelle on Tuesday. Mr. Griswold was a graduate of Harvard and Oxford Universities, and a lawyer. His health broke down about two years ago under the strain of study and since that time he had lived in seclusion with his mother, two nurses being employed to care for him. He escaped from their keeping, and scantily clad, made his way to the place where, later, his corpse was found.

Mr. Andrew Inglis, formerly a resident of this city, died at the Roxbury District Asylum, in Melrose, Scotland, December 7th.

Mr. Albert Bryer has returned from China to visit his daughters in this city.

Christmas Day.

Christmas Day was fittingly observed in this city on Thursday. There was plenty of feasting and good cheer, and the presence of the heavy snow storm added to the pleasure of the day, at least to the children, rather than detracted from it. It was really in appearance a typical Christmas. Every object presented a beautiful appearance and within doors and without there was an abundance of good cheer. There were not many persons on the street during the day but those that were out passed along cheerfully, apparently caring nothing for the storm.

The services in the churches were fairly well attended. All of the Catholic and Episcopal churches held special services and in many cases augmented choirs rendered appropriate Christmas music.

At the midnight service at St. George's church Wednesday night the musical numbers were by the vested choir of the church assisted by the following soloists: Mr. L. B. Walker of Taunton, Miss Florence Carley and Mr. Benjamin Crowell of this city. The following musical programme was rendered:

Processional, "Adeste Fidelis." Holy Eucharist.
Kyrie, Gounod
Gloria Tibi, Gounod
Hymn, "Hark! What mean those holy voices?"
Gloria, Gounod
Sursum Corda, Redhead
Sanctus, Gounod
Benedictus qui venit, Gounod
Agnus Dei, Gounod
Gloria in Excelsis, Tours
Recessional, "Angels from the realms of Glory."

The musical programme at St. Joseph's church on Christmas Day was rendered by the regular choir assisted by Mrs. J. J. Rooney, Mrs. T. C. Albro, Miss G. Sheldon, Miss A. I. Driscoll, Mr. J. F. Albro, and Mr. J. Green, violinist. The following programme was rendered at the 5:30 and 10:30 a. m. mass:

Organ Prelude, Thayer
Processional, Boys' Choir "Merry Christmas to You All."
Mass in D No. 2, Gounod
Offertorium, "Glory to God," Rotoli Mrs. Rooney.
"The New Born King," L'espois Mrs. Albro.
"Pastorale," Mrs. Rooney, Mr. Albro, Miss Sheldon, Mr. Girr.
"Noel," Christmas Song, Gounod Miss Driscoll.
Recessional, Adeste Fidelis, Boys' Choir
March, Hill

At the 8 and 9 o'clock masses the girls' choir sang Christmas carols. The music was under the direction of Professor Loury Louis, organist and musical director.

There were also special services at St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, at Emmanuel, St. Johns', Trinity, Swedish Lutheran, Swedish Methodist, Shiloh Baptist and other churches.

The Sunday schools of the various churches have also been holding their Christmas celebrations this week, Friday evening having been the date selected for many of them. The Christmas tree at the Children's Home was set up on Friday afternoon and a number of invited guests were present to see the joy of the little ones when the gifts were distributed.

Mr. John Gilpin, the veteran newspaper correspondent, accomplished a remarkable feat Thursday evening. He had been visiting friends in Middletown and was to be brought back to his house in a carriage. Expecting the carriage to quickly overtake him he started to walk along the Main road toward Newport but the carriage did not follow him and he walked the entire distance from Slate Hill to the Newport line through the snow. At the mile corner he was fortunate enough to meet the special car which ran all night to keep the tracks open during the storm. After boarding the car the reaction set in and he had to be conveyed to his home in the ambulance. Mr. Gilpin is now recovered from the effects of the exposure.

The fire department has its extra hitch-up ready and some of it apparatus on runners in preparation for a fire if one occurs while the snow is on the ground. It was very fortunate that there was no alarm Thursday night as the traveling at that time was very hard and the apparatus must have been somewhat delayed if it had been called out.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hunter entertained a number of their friends and neighbors at a Christmas tree at their home in Middletown on Thursday. The gifts were all handsome and useful.

Mrs. W. Sturgis Wells, accompanied by Misses Natalie Wells and Miss Marion Fish, returned from Europe this week on the Celtic.

Mr. George P. Magner and family will shortly remove to Nova Scotia, where Mr. Magner will be manager of extensive mines.

Mr. Russell K. Bryer of New York is spending a few days in this city as the guest of his father, Mr. Andrew Bryer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hoe of New York spent the holidays in this city.

Mr. Edward Anthony of Providence spent Christmas with friends in this city.

School Committee.

The members of the school committee are as yet unable to agree on a site for the new high school building authorized by the taxpayers at the election in November. As matters stand at present there is a complete deadlock and unless some agreement is reached the new building seems to be located in the far distant future. The committee have not yet begun to prepare plans for the reason that it is felt that the design should be adapted to the site chosen and until the committee comes to some agreement there is no object in beginning on the plans.

A special meeting of the school committee was held on Saturday evening of last week when all the members were present to express their preferences in the matter of location for the new building. There was a full exposition of all of the sites under consideration and the matter was thoroughly discussed among the members. The advocates of the site on Broadway, adjoining the industrial school, explained that a new building of the prominence of the high school should not be placed on a back street where it could not be seen and cited a number of instances where this had been done and the architectural effect had been lost to the public view. Others thought that the proposed location on such a principal street as Broadway would prove disadvantageous because the noise would interfere with the studies of the pupils.

A formal vote was taken and resulted in a tie, six members voting for the Broadway site and six for the location on Central court. What the next step will be remains to be seen.

The threatened coal famine at the life saving stations in this district, including those at Block Island, Brenton's Reef and Point Judith, has been relieved by the receipt of coal which was shipped in a government vessel from Portsmouth, N. H. It was at first feared that these stations would be obliged to close on account of inability to secure fuel but fortunately this possibility has been averted for the present at least although the supply received is not sufficient to last for any considerable length of time. The stations at Block Island and Point Judith are especially valuable as at these stations many shipwrecked seamen have been rescued at various times. The closing of these stations would be a distinct menace to the lives of the crews of ships that frequent these waters.

Mr. F. B. Coggeshall, the well known dealer in meats, etc., is sending out to his friends and customers a very attractive holiday souvenir, in the shape of a black leather pocketbook, with the recipient's name stamped thereon in gold letters. By some mischance, probably through oversight on the part of the donor, the pocketbook that came to this office was found to be empty.

The funeral of Joseph T. Cherry, who died in Fall River last, took place on Sunday last. Mr. Cherry was a member of Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias, and the order was represented by Chancellor Commander David Blues and Past Chancellors Robert S. Franklin and Everett I. Gorton of this city. Pocasset Lodge, No. 131, also attended.

The N. Y., N. H. & H. railroad is suffering for coal as well as the rest of the world. The supply is getting shorter every day and the quality of coal they are able to get is so far below the standard that it is difficult to steam with it, and consequently it is impossible for some of its fast trains to make time.

The marriage of Miss Edith Romeyn Gray, daughter of Judge John Clinton Gray, and Robert S. Reynolds Hitt, took place at noon Tuesday at St. Bartholomew's church, New York, and was very largely attended. It was an extremely pretty as well as a most fashionable one.

At a meeting of the Rogers High School Athletic Association Tuesday Mr. C. E. Walker was elected captain and Mr. W. C. Mustard manager of the hockey team.

Mrs. Samuel Engs is seriously ill at her residence on Kay street, her daughter, Mrs. Bradford, having been called here from Washington the past week.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., and her daughter, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, are expected home from Europe this week.

Mrs. A. C. Titus is spending the holidays in New York as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Hanson.

Hon. and Mrs. Levi P. Morton will shortly sail for Europe, visiting the South of France.

Mrs. Overton G. Langley has returned from an extensive visit to Brooklyn.

Mr. Lewis Gladding of this city is spending a few days with friends in New London, Ct.

Officer Dugan is confined to his home by illness.

Vanderbilt is Improving.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, according to the bulletin issued by his physicians Thursday, continues to improve slowly. The evening bulletin was as follows:

"Mr. Vanderbilt has had a good day, holding the improvement he has made."

Prayers were asked for Cornelius Vanderbilt's recovery at the Christmas services at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, at which Archbishop Farley celebrated solemn pontifical mass. Fr. Lavelle, who officiated as assistant priest, after making the usual announcements, said he had been requested to ask the prayers of the congregation for the speedy recovery of Mr. Vanderbilt from his critical illness.

"I am sure," said he, "that we all earnestly wish for the quick and complete restoration to health of Mr. Vanderbilt, whose young manhood has given every promise that he will be, if spared, one of our most useful and valuable citizens."

Mayor Low of New York has appointed Major General Francis V. Greene to succeed Col. Partridge as police commissioner of New York after January 1st. General Greene is a graduate of West Point and received his title of major general with the army in the Philippines. He is a native of Providence and has held a number of offices of prominence and responsibility in leading financial institutions. General Greene built a costly and attractive residence in this city at the close of the Spanish war but the property was recently sold. The building is a showy structure in the colonial style facing the bay near Castle Hill. General Greene is the author of several books which have met with considerable success.

Ground has been broken for the new Audrain block on Bellevue avenue which will occupy a part of the old Ocean House site. The new building will be used for business purposes and it is promised that it will be a handsome structure. The building will cost in the neighborhood of $50,000. It will be two stories in height and the material will be brick with trimmings of terra cotta. The structure will set out nearly to the front line of the land and thus the Casino and the King block which will be several feet further in, will have a recessed appearance. The contractor has stated he will have the building ready for occupancy June 1.

A few relatives and friends gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., on Spring street, Thursday morning, where a Christmas tree had been prettily decorated in honor of her grandchildren, Winona and Willie Sweet. Each person present received some pretty token and the occasion was an exceedingly pleasant one, being enjoyed by both old and young.

Work of surveying the proposed layout for the new street railway in this city has been completed and the surveyors are now preparing a plan of the same to be used in asking for bids to do the work of construction. It is expected that everything will be ready to begin as soon as the ground is in condition to be worked.

Rev. James Coyle, formerly pastor of St. Joseph's church of this city, and pastor of St. Mary's Church, Taunton, observed his 25th year in the priesthood on Monday. At the pastor's request there was no public celebration.

Mr. Harry Alger, principal of the Potter School, and Mr. Leonard Pike of the Newport Trust Company, are spending the holidays in Philadelphia.

Mr. Robert B. Heath of this city was married to Miss Eva B. Smith of North Tiverton at the latter place on Monday afternoon, J. W. Norris officiating.

After the holidays Colonel and Mrs. Addison Thomas will spend the remainder of the winter at Washington.

Miss Lucille Anthony of Providence is visiting Miss Florence Hodson at her residence on Clarke street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Koehne, Jr., and Miss McGowan have returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burdick have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Harrington.

Officer Tobin of the police force is able to be out, although not well enough to resume duty.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Seabury, Jr., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hall, at Fanwood, N. J.

Dr. Horace P. Beck left Wednesday for Wilkesbarre, to spend the holidays with his parents.

Mr. John Eldred is able to be out after a three months' illness from typhoid fever.

Officer Eckhart is having his annual vacation.

Mr. E. L. Doucette has returned from New York.

Knights Templars Observances

On Christmas Day at high noon the members of Washington Commandery, No. 1, K. T., met at the Asylum in the Masonic temple to observe the day with appropriate ceremonies. A number of ladies were present as well as the Sir Knights. The exercises were begun with an interesting address by the Eminent Commander, E. Sir Joseph Gibson. The toasts and responses were as follows:

Toast—"To Our Most Eminent Grand Master, Henry Bates Stoddard: May our order under his sway become the noblest champion of the Christian virtues." Response by Right Eminent Sir John P. Sanborn, past grand commander.

Music.

Toast—"To the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island." Response by Eminent Sir Overton G. Langley, past commander.

Toast—"The Order of the Temple: Sublime in its principles, brilliant in its history, grand in its achievements, glorious in its hopes." Response by Sir Herbert W. Lull, as follows:

Eminent Commander, Sir Knights and Ladies:—

THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLE:—

Sublime are its principles. Brilliant is its history. Grand are its achievements. Glorious are its hopes.

What more can I say? The toast is its own answer. Need I remind you that the principles of this order are the fundamentals of our most enlightened Christian civilization and that, should I tell you of their application, I must give you the story of our moral development for hundreds of years? Need I say that in its history I must sing of the chivalrous deeds which moved the hearts of heroes from merrie England to the walls of Jerusalem the golden? Need I recall the achievements which, like mile stones, have marked the weary road of our upward journey from the valley of oppression and ignorance to the heights of our present manhood? No, time would fail me had I a hundred tongues. But what of its glorious hopes? In them I see that future in which ideals are realized, in which man comes to himself and finds himself.

Gone are the knights of old, gone both horse and rider, armor and spear. No more the dragon rushes forth from the cave to terrify the errant knight; no more innocent maidens in beleagured castles call for succor; no more defenceless children and widowed mothers cry to him for vengeance. Gone are all these, and yet today, as never before, we need the chivalrous knights without fear and without reproach. Life is more prosaic now; but the demands on head and heart still call for courage undaunted. Temptations are on every side, new duties call, and greater opportunities present themselves.

Personify them as you please, as fights with dragons, as crusades against the Mussulman, as deeds of chivalry, or as a searching for holy grail, there is for each one of us need of trusty armor and stout hearts, if truth shall prevail and if victory shall come to him on whose banner the sign is the cross.

To us Knights the sword does remain, not for its original use, but as a reminder of our pledges and as an incentive to duty; for it has been endowed by our solemn ceremonies with faith, hope and charity, with justice, mercy and fortitude. In the spirit of these endowments should the Templar go forth to combat with the world.

Such should be the case; for in the most sacred scenes of the New Testament does Templarism find its lessons and on their teachings is it based. It is not strange, then, that in our ranks the clergy is conspicuous and that the ablest and best of our countrymen have taken upon themselves our obligations

The inner spirit of Templarism is well defined by St. James when in his famous first chapter he tells man:— "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Surely, Sir Knights, this is the day of all days to which you may lay a just claim; for it and its associations are so intimately connected with all your inheritance. Today visions and service should come to you—visions of a more intimate alliance of man with man, and with it a more helpful fraternal service. In these are the glorious hopes of the future and in these is our work. Let us welcome it; for work is both our fate and our joy; work is our only chance for growth; work is our education. Nothing for nothing is the lesson that nature teaches every where. Inexorable is her law. Therefore let us welcome work, for there is much to do, and we know that God gives all things to industry. Great questions must be answered—questions of our social, economic and political life, and also of our responsibilities beyond the seas. In these the true Knight of today may find as much honor as did he of old who rode as victor in the lists of the tournament.

Sir Knights, you are picked men. By careful selection year after year your ranks have been kept full. To you much has been given and of you much is expected. Once a holy sepulcher was the goal; now the divine humanity is the quest.

The life of the true Templar is one continuous crusade. In it he will dispense Christian charity and give aid to other pilgrims both warriors and penitents. Would he be a Sir Galahad, a Sir Philip Sidney, a chevalier Bayard, then he must mark his earthly pilgrimage with their virtues. Mark it with that valor which knows no suggestion of cowardice; with that loyalty which means the strictest fidelity to duty; with that courtesy which ever respects the feelings of others; with that munificence which with liberal hand dispenses hospitality.

Many are trying to follow in their foot steps; many are striving for the day when all who are willing to work shall not want in this land to abundance. In that day both labor and capital shall have souls; education and culture shall belong to the many, and the vexatious problems that limit our progress shall be solved. The true Templar will have such an ambition, for this is the inheritance of his knighthood.

The Christmas bells ring in good tidings of great joy today even as they did centuries ago, and they are awakening in dormant breasts the wish to

"Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
Then Time is conquered and the crown is won."

To you, Sir Knights, the world has good reason to look, for it knows your history, achievements, and principles. Shall it also see the fruition of your hopes? I say good reason, because only the church itself has such a past and only the church can celebrate with greater propriety this twenty-fifth day of December.

Your hopes should be glorious. You should look forward to a golden age when slavery to sin shall be abolished, when our progressions shall ever be upward and onward to the perfection of Him whose birthday we celebrate. In that day on our banners every one may read:

My country is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life-currents mount
And mantle brown like snow,
Or red or yellow, brown or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

My party is all humankind;
My platform, brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind
Who work for human good.
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

Music.

Toast—"St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M." Response by Right Worshipful Robert S. Franklin, past master.

Toast—"St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M." Response by the master, Worshipful F. Augustus Ward.

Toast—"Our Sister Commanderies. A brilliant Sisterhood, bound to each other and to the Grand Commandery by chords of love." The Eminent Commander read letters of greeting from several sister commanderies in this jurisdiction, and the responses thereto by Washington Commandery.

Toast—"Woman: The protege, the inspiration and the benediction of the true Mason." Response by Rev. and Brother T. E. Chandler. Mr. Chandler delivered a finished oration which was received with favor and applause.

Music.

Recitation—Sir A. B. Commerford.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Thomas S. Tilley.

Mrs. Sarah Pearce, wife of Mr. Thomas S. Tilley, and youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. West, died at her residence on Willow street early Tuesday morning, leaving behind her five little ones. A young infant died last week and after its birth plural pneumonia set in, and she rapidly grew worse. Mrs. Tilley was of a bright and happy disposition and had many friends.

One brother and four sisters survive her: Mr. Charles H. West, Mrs. F. W. Marshall and Mrs. Charles C. Stevens, Jr., of this city; Mrs. Theodore Ambrose of New Bedford, Mass., and Mrs. Willard Loker of Natick, Mass.

The funeral took place from Kay Chapel, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, Rev. E. J. Dennen officiating. The church choir sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Son of My Soul." The bearers were Messrs. George T. Brice of Taunton, Charles C. Stevens, Jr., and J. Herbert Barker of this city and J. Oscar Peckham of Middletown. The casket was covered with beautiful floral tributes. The interment was in the old cemetery.

Fruit Company Incorporated.

The Verley Fruit Company, which brings cargoes of bananas and other fruit from Jamaica to Providence, and on the outgoing steamer carries New England products to the island of Jamaica, has been incorporated under the laws of New Jersey with a capital stock of $375,000. The incorporators are as follows: F. L. Verley, of Kingston, Jamaica; V. E. L. Verley, T. Clyde Foster, H. H. Rockwell and John W. McGrath, all of Providence.

The incorporation took place under New Jersey laws because of the liberality of that state in such matters. The policy of the company and its business plans are not affected by the incorporation.

The steamers of this line pass through Narragansett Bay at the rate of one or more a week and mean considerable to the residents of Block Island. Captain "Tal" Dodge, the new member of the legislature from New Shoreham, acts as pilot for this fleet and has added to his reputation as a daring and reliable pilot while in the service of this company.

Master Willie Marshall, son of Mrs. F. W. Marshall, who is a student at Friends' School, Providence, is spending his Christmas vacation with his mother in this city.

Captain F. E. Chadwick is confined to his residence at the War College by illness.

Mr. B. F. Thurston, who has been seriously ill, is slowly improving.

Congressman Ball is spending the holidays in this city.

DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

Being a True Record and Explanation of the Seven Mysteries Now Associated With His Name In the Public Mind, and of an Eighth, Which Is the Key of the Seven

By HOWARD FIELDING

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CHAPTER III.

THE MESSAGE FROM JAPAN.

IN the week following my visit to New Haven I had the pleasure of meeting Donald Donaldson. In the meantime I had made a careful investigation of his character and ability. The result was surprising. Rarely have I heard a man so highly praised, yet this appreciation seemed to have done him no good. The most influential member of the firm that employed him told me that Donaldson was a wonder in a business way, and yet, so far as I could learn, nothing had been done for his advancement in two years except that a few dollars had been added to his weekly wage—which was still disgracefully small.

At the age of twenty-four he had become familiar with the dull pang of discouragement. He knew that he was serviceable in his place, and he had no fear of the loss of it; indeed he feared much more the prospect of retaining it to the end of his days. He lacked aggressive selfishness and the rude, obvious signs of self esteem.

It was my intention to call on him at 12 o'clock and suggest that we take luncheon together, but I was somewhat delayed, and when I entered the hall of the great building Donaldson was just stepping out of one of the elevators. I knew him instantly by description.

There was the usual hurrying throng. Donaldson saw no one whom he knew, and he gave no face a second glance, but almost every one who had the opportunity looked twice at him. It would be hard to say why, for his appearance was, on the whole, conventional. He was upward of six feet in height, yet had not the look of a tall man. His countenance was agreeable when one had come to know him, and his brown eyes were capable of much variety of expression; but, as a rule, they seemed to be somewhat vacant. Follow their glance, and it would lead nowhere. Often the eyes of the blind deceive in the same way, and it may have been this appearance of focusing his gaze upon a point where nothing was visible to others that made Donaldson's aspect notable.

When I spoke his name, he turned his glance upon me slowly and with a slight, characteristic effort, as though his attention were being withdrawn unwillingly from some other object.

"Yes?" said he.

"You were going to luncheon, I suppose," said I. "Will you permit me to offer you my card and to suggest that we lunch together?"

"I was going to the Wellesley dairy," returned Donaldson, with a faint smile.

"Suppose we try Bertram's?" I suggested, naming the best of the downtown restaurants at that time. "As you are my guest, I must guarantee the cooking, and I am not familiar with the Wellesley."

"I congratulate you, sir," he replied. "Familiarity breeds both contempt and dyspepsia; Bertram's, by all means."

His manner did not please me, though it was courteous enough. It evidenced that peculiar selfishness which is bred of despondency, that general disregard which springs from personal dissatisfaction. Before we reached Bertram's I had said to myself, "This man has been much overpraised."

We spoke of the aspect of business, and what he said seemed commonplace. Yet his words were like his looks—slipping by, unobserved. Weeks later I discovered with surprise that Donaldson could look over the top of my hat without stretching himself, and at about the same time certain remarks which he had made in that first interview recurred to my mind, and I saw how the foresight in them might have been turned to my advantage.

At the moment, however, I was disappointed and felt disposed to abandon my intention of offering Donaldson an excellent position. I could see that Hackett, who was waiting for us at Bertram's, was not favorably impressed at first. And altogether if Donaldson had but known our minds he would have had cause for great anxiety, for the proposal which we had thought of making to him meant no less than a career if he should prove worthy.

All this was, in a sense, apart from our interest in the young man as a psychic. As to that matter we were determined upon an investigation if it could be made without too great an intrusion. During the past week we had gleaned considerable information about the story which Dr. Whiting of Boston had so steadfastly concealed, and it seemed to us to furnish by far the best instance of so called supernatural manifestation that we had yet encountered. Therefore when the time seemed ripe for it I said to him:

"Are you not the Mr. Donaldson who had a singular experience in regard to his brother?"

He frowned slightly, and his hand, lying upon the tablecloth, opened and shut nervously.

"It is a disagreeable subject for more reasons than one," said he. "Yet I assume that you are not asking from idle curiosity."

"Far from it," I replied. "We are attempting a very serious and careful investigation of this subject. It is probable that we shall give the remainder of our lives to it, and we hope to leave an important work behind us."

"I should not care to have the thing published," said Donaldson, with a bitter smile.

I assured him that the usual anonymity would be preserved.

"The Society For Psychical Research got after me once," said he. "I succeeded in dodging it. You will understand that this is a subject one doesn't like to speak about."

"I don't know," remarked Hackett. "Since we took up this thing, we've been followed by a procession, and it's getting longer every minute."

"A procession of what?" asked Donaldson, with a laugh.

"That's the point," assented my partner.

Donaldson looked across the table. There was a chair opposite him in which nobody was sitting.

"Is this your only motive for seeking this interview?" he asked. And both Hackett and I glanced involuntarily at the vacant place, as if expecting an answer from that quarter. After a pause which had a somewhat startling effect I admitted, with hesitation, that we had had a matter of business in mind.

"As for the other thing," said Donaldson, "if you take me for a psychic marvel, you will be disappointed. In one single instance"—

Hackett checked him by a gesture.

"That's the whole of it," he said; "one single instance which a practical man can get a fair hold of ought to settle the question."

"There are many cases," I added, "which are merely difficult to explain—genuine, perhaps, but too complicated to repay study or to mark the individual as possessing more than a slight supersensitiveness; for we are all clairvoyants more or less, if the power really exists in any human creature. And the problem is to prove once and for all that the soul of an ordinary mortal man of this day and generation may transcend his body, may use its own powers independently of this covering of flesh."

Donaldson became noticeably excited. His demeanor suggested that of one who is struggling to repel a vague accusation. His face took on a peculiar expression, and his voice, though not louder than before, became more intense and vibrant.

"Do you take me for a clairvoyant?" he demanded.

"I believe you to be one of the very few men in the world who can absolutely prove that you possess such a power," said I. "You saw half way around the world or entirely through it, Mr. Donaldson, once for a certainty."

"Because I once saw what happened in Japan," he cried, "do you expect me to do it again? Do you think that I can sit here and tell you what is going on in London or in the next room or even behind me?"

He paused with a slight shudder, and his head fell forward upon his hands, his elbows being braced upon the table.

"The devil!" he muttered. "This is odd!"

He turned slowly about in his chair and stared across the room. Then he laughed nervously, as one whose feelings are relieved.

"This will show you how much occult power I possess," said he. "I had a very strong impression that a gentleman named Harold Whiting was standing behind me. Whiting is one of the fellows who were present when—when that wretched thing happened. I've rarely seen him since, and no doubt he's now in Boston, where he lives. Yet I could have sworn that he was looking at the back of my head. That's the sort of clairvoyant that I am."

"He's been out in the hall for the last three minutes," said Hackett in a peculiarly expressionless tone which always means something with him. "I've seen him standing by the door, talking with two other men. He walked away just before you looked over your shoulder."

Donaldson seemed dazed. He turned again toward the doorway, which was straight behind him, and, at that instant Hackett pointed with his thumb in the contrary direction. I then saw that there was a mirror let into the wall. It was rather high to give a view of the door to a person sitting down at our table, but Donaldson was a tall man and sat erect.

"This is very remarkable," said Hackett dryly.

There was a pause full of embarrassment. For my own part I was deeply distressed and inclined to be angry with Donaldson. He himself was very nervous and ill at ease. He sat there, wringing his hands gently beneath the table, and I seemed to feel that the palms of them were wet. Suddenly a voice said:

"Why, deacon! Is it really you?"

We all started, as if detected in a crime, and there stood Dr. Whiting at Donaldson's elbow.

"I passed the door just now," said he, "and had a glimpse of your back, but recognition didn't dawn upon me until I was half way down stairs to the cafe. I should have looked you up later."

He gave us a greeting, and we invited him to take the vacant place at the table.

"We were speaking of your friend's remarkable experience," said I.

Whiting glanced hastily at Donaldson.

"I don't know how you got him to mention it," he said. "After the first wonder of it had passed away he always avoided the subject with me. Beyond question, Mr. Harrington, that was the most completely marvelous thing that ever happened on this earth. Why, he described to me"—

"Don't, old chap," groaned Donaldson. "I hate to think of it. I have explained to these gentlemen that it was a wholly isolated occurrence, that I really have no unusual powers"—

"Let us be the judges of that," said I. "Give Dr. Whiting permission to tell the story."

"You have been very courteous and sincere in this matter," said Donaldson earnestly, "and I am unwilling to disoblige you. Tell just what happened, Harold, as briefly as you can and get it over with."

He subsided into an attitude of passive endurance.

"These are the facts," said Whiting. "Donaldson was in Harvard when I was a student in the medical school and a proctor in one of the buildings. That's how I came to know him."

"Broke up a riot in my room," interjected Donaldson. "We had knocked down the chandelier. It's a proctor's duty to preserve order. Whiting came in with an Indian club in each hand and preserved it."

"After graduation he came to New York," continued Whiting. "His brother was here—Henry, about ten years older than Donald. I was taking a special course of study in this city at the time. Henry Donaldson was a note teller in the Dey Street bank, and he had the misfortune to become involved in the trouble there about three years ago. You may remember it."

"Not definitely," said I.

"Somebody got away with $150,000," said Whiting. "Of course I need not say that Henry Donaldson was entirely innocent, but circumstances, and men, too, conspired against him. He was arrested and almost immediately released, but only that he might be dogged by detectives.

"He was abnormally sensitive regarding anything that affected his good name, and he was always easily discouraged. He was convinced that the combination against him was too strong and that he must eventually be disgraced and ruined. He could not bear the prospect, and so he took a false step to avoid it. He fled, and nobody had the least idea where he had gone.

"Donaldson was ill in bed in some rooms of mine up town. We supposed that Henry knew where he was, but the poor fellow had been so hounded up and down and was so oppressed by the disgrace that he had kept out of everybody's way. My communication to him about Donald was stolen by the detectives. He received no word at all, and, as we discovered long afterward, he was led into the distressing error of supposing that Donald was disloyal to him in this trouble. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

"When Henry did not come to see him, as we had expected, Donald got

"The devil!" he muttered. "This is odd!"

out of bed, though he could hardly stand upon his feet, and went out to find his brother. But Henry was far away by that time, and not even the detectives themselves were more ignorant than we were as to his whereabouts.

"For a week or more the newspapers located him in fifty different places, and Donald himself got wind of many idle rumors. That sort of thing is agonizing. I don't like to think of what Donald suffered. Finally we learned that the detectives in the case had reached the conviction that Henry had committed suicide by leaping from an ocean steamer. Some poor fellow made that pitiful ending, and for my own part I firmly believed that it was Henry Donaldson.

"Almost a year later, however, we got word that Henry had been seen in a lumber camp in the northwest. I heard of it first and secretly attempted an investigation, sending a detective out into that region. His first communication to me seemed favorable, and I decided that it would be worth while for Donald to go out there. I took two or three fellows whom I could trust into my confidence, and we agreed to put up the necessary money. We all wanted Henry Donaldson to come back and face his accusers, and we believed that we could clear him.

"We made a plan to lunch together and have Donald with us and then disclose the whole subject to him. So we met about noon one day and went to a private room in Hobart's restaurant up town. Donald did not know what was in the wind, but for some days his mind had been running upon his brother, and he looked all broken up with it. As he and I were going to Hobart's that day he said to me:

"'I am sick with anxiety about Harry.'

"'You don't believe that he is dead?' said I.

"'I never have,' he replied. 'I can't.'

"Nothing more was said upon the subject just then, and it was not mentioned while we were eating luncheon. This was by agreement. Donald was very silent during the meal. He ate scarcely anything. He was pale and in a peculiar state of nervous tension. I observed him with considerable anxiety, for he looked like a man who is going to break down.

"We had reached the cigars, and the waiter was well out of the way. One of the fellows made a sign to me to open the subject that was on our minds. I turned toward Donald. He started as if from a dream and said in a hurried, strange voice:

"'Harry is all right.'

"Then the color rushed into his face, which had been very pale. He reeled in his chair, and I put up my hand to catch him.

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'I saw him,' he said. 'I saw him. He's all right. He's coming home.'

"That was all that we could get out of him at first, and we did not know what to make of it. Finally I told him frankly just why we were there and what we had learned.

"'No,' he said; 'it's all a mistake. He's not in any lumber camp. I don't know where he is. I never saw any such place before. I think it's in China from the look of it.'

"Of course we tormented him with questions, and at last we got an accurate description of what he had seen. Why, he even described the furniture in the room and the view from the window.

"'There was a man sitting at a table whom I think I should have known if he hadn't been back to me,' said he. 'My brother was sitting opposite, and there was some sort of document on the table between them. My brother has grown a beard. By heaven!' he cried suddenly. 'The other man was Joe Vinal!'

"Vinal was receiving teller of the Dey Street bank. He had been slightly implicated in the robbery and had lost his place in the bank on account of it, but had not been arrested. That he should have joined Henry Donaldson in a far corner of the world was not altogether a favorable circumstance, and I asked Donald why he had said so confidently that his brother was all right.

"'I know by the look of him,' he replied, 'and I heard him say that he was coming home.'

"Donald pledged us all to secrecy in this matter, and I think the promise has been fairly well kept. That afternoon Donald and I made an investigation into the case of Vinal and learned that he had left New York and that his whereabouts were unknown. His wife, who was a beautiful woman of fine descent, was living in this city, but she had had no word of her husband in six weeks. She told me that he had left the city suddenly upon some matter of business which she did not understand. He had been in very bad health, and she was extremely anxious about him.

"That was all the information that we could get. About a week later Donald got a cable message from his brother. It came from Hongkong and was addressed to my apartments. It said: 'Am coming home; westward. Everything all right.'

"By subsequent messages we traced him to the Mediterranean and Gibraltar and learned what steamer was bringing him to this country. He was ill of acute gastritis when he arrived, and I thought that we should hardly get him off the steamer alive. But he rallied and seemed on the road to mend.

"It appeared that he had gone from this country to Japan and had lived in one of the smaller cities. He brought photographs of his abode there and of a view from a certain window. I have never been able to be a skeptic upon things occult since seeing that photograph. He told us that he had lived almost in secret; that he had never dared communicate with Donald for fear that the message would fall into wrong hands and reveal his hiding place.

"One day he was amazed to see Joe Vinal at his door. How this man traced him he never learned. Vinal was dying. Only his purpose had supported him through the latter part of the journey. He made a complete revelation of the inner facts of the bank robbery, in which he himself was the principal criminal. This statement was sworn to before the American consul, and a few days later Vinal died. Henry Donaldson went to Hongkong and thence home, bringing the statement which was put into the hands of the bank's officials, who used it to extort as complete restitution as possible from Vinal's accomplices, and the matter was kept quiet through the usual influences, except that a card was published exonerating Donald's brother. He seemed to be perfectly satisfied with this, though it was not very definite. Really the poor fellow was done with earth. He died as many men and women die who might live, but have not the will.

"In conclusion I have only this to say: So far as we can learn Donald's vision was perfectly accurate. It showed Vinal laying his written confession before Henry Donaldson. But the vision occurred about eight hours before the event. I leave the explanation of this phenomenon to any one who thinks himself competent. I am not.

"You may be disposed to suggest that Henry Donaldson had communicated with his brother unknown to me. In regard to this I have not only Donald's word, but Henry's, and you will bear in mind that I attended Henry in his last illness, so that, aside from the lack of motive for his telling me a falsehood, we must consider also the respect that is usually accorded to the statement of a dying man.

"Moreover, Henry could not have communicated the fact of the confession, because he knew nothing about it himself until some hours after it was known to us. It must be remembered also that Donald was entirely ignorant of his brother's whereabouts even after he had had the vision. He had the sensation of being in that room and of looking across the table toward the window, and from the aspect of the country he supposed that the scene was in China."

CHAPTER IV.

AN EXCEPTIONAL MATCH.

AS Whiting ceased Hackett drew a long breath and looked at me.

"A little ahead of anything we've found yet, John," said he. "Have you ever tried to figure the thing out in your own mind, Mr. Donaldson?"

The young man shook his head.

"I know what I saw," he said, "but I don't know what was back of it, and I am inclined to think," he added, with a smile, "that it is much the same with all we see, however simple. There is a mystery behind that teacup which no man alive can solve."

"We know that it will hold our tea," said Hackett, "but this psychic business doesn't seem to have any bottom."

I asked whether anyone knew why Vinal had not made his confession in this country.

"He went to beg my brother's pardon and to die forgiven," said Donaldson. "He put his confession into the hands of the man who had been wronged."

A general conversation followed in which Donaldson appeared to far greater advantage than before. The telling of the story seemed to have taken a weight off his mind. Both Hackett and myself were pleased with him, and we resolved to carry out our original intention of taking him into our employ. We did not speak of the matter until after Whiting had left us. He had said in the beginning that he could be with us not more than half an hour. When he had gone, I explained to Donaldson that we had been considering him with reference to a position of importance in our business, and I named the duties, the salary and the prospects.

He was to be Mr. Hackett's assistant in our department of sales. We were then introducing a system of disposing of our goods which was entirely unique in this country, and we required a young man of good appearance, of cultivated mind and manner and especially of that quick, intuitive perception which is so valuable in dealing with the highest grade of merchants. The right man, coming to us with the proper energy and ability, might hope for anything, up to an interest in our business, that would make him more than well to do. It all depended upon himself.

Donaldson received this proposal with a solemnity which justified his college nickname of "deacon," by which we had heard Dr. Whiting address him.

"It is useless for me to deny," said he, "that what you suggest is a great advance for me. In my present place I am like a diver walking with leaden soled shoes in a medium of high resistance and having everything pumped down to me from above. I can't get to the top, and nobody is going to pull me up. I make a few signals by pulling on a string, but nobody answers them. I'm sunk; that's the truth about me.

"Therefore," he continued, looking first to Hackett and then to me, "I am more than ready to accept your offer, but there is one difficulty—I perceive that you have another motive in making it."

"Another motive?" said I, looking across at my partner.

Young Mr. Donaldson laid his clinched right hand upon the table.

"From this day forth," said he, "if I have any power or means of knowledge that is different from the average I will make no display of it and no use of it. That is my irrevocable decision. You will never learn more of that subject from me than you will know tonight when the sun goes down. But, since I have cast away restraint today, let me continue in that folly.

"I know perfectly well that you have another object in making this proposal to me; that it is a part of a fantastic dream. You hope to mate me with a young woman whom you believe to possess the same powers that are in me. You think that you are acting in the interests of the advance of human knowledge and that posterity, with the probable exception of my posterity, will rise up and call you blessed."

I was motionless, dumfounded. I could not have cried "Fire!" if the blaze had broken out in my own pocket. Ten thousand messages from Japan were not to be thought of in comparison with this phenomenon.

For the secret that he had touched upon was absolutely ours. My own private speculations upon the subject and my brief and inconsequential talks with Hackett summed up the whole of it. Neither of us had ever suggested that Donaldson and Miss Vaughn might make a match of it, yet the idea had flitted through my mind now and then, and I found out afterward that it had been in Hackett's.

"I don't mean to say," continued Donaldson, "that you would use any influence or hold out any inducements to bring such a marriage about, but you will look for it, and you will be disappointed. Why, Mr. Harrington, if I knew that a girl was what is called a psychic I could no more love her than I could love a girl with two noses. No, sir; I am opposed to superfluity. The ordinary mental and physical endowments are enough for me. If you attempt to make any such match for me, I shall run."

"But have you any reason to suppose that such a girl exists?" I demanded. "Who is she?"

"I have no intimation as to who she is," he replied, addressing me directly. "I perceive no more than that she is some one for whom you have a high regard, and it is doubtless a great honor for me to be coupled with her in your thoughts. But I ask you to think of it no more."

"You have read from a closed book," said I, "and it is a marvelous thing to do. But you have read only a single paragraph and have failed to grasp the sense of the whole volume. We want your head in our business, Mr. Donaldson, and are willing to pay for it, but your heart is your own, and I should be the first to dissuade you from a marriage, however advantageous it might seem to be, that was based upon any other impulse than the love of a good woman."

"I am a melancholy fellow," said Donaldson, with evident feeling, "and unfit for matrimony. Only cheerful people should marry. A rich man's money may bless or curse his children. At the best, it is not so good as a happy disposition; at the worst, it leads to nothing that is half so bad as hereditary sourness of heart. You will forgive me for mentioning this subject. Really, I was afraid that I might be beguiled into some sort of an experiment. It may have been a cranky notion, but this whole conversation has been such a weird mixture of business and ghosts!"

The big clock in the corner struck 2 and surprised us all with the lateness of the hour. It was necessary for Donaldson to return at once to his office, and so we could not ask him the questions which were pressing for utterance. I may say, however, that when we had abundant opportunity thereafter we obtained scant information. Donaldson either could not or would not tell how he obtained his psychic messages. "It is like suddenly remembering something that you have always known," was the usual way in which he dodged the question, and he would never speak upon the subject at all when he could avoid doing so.

Upon the matter of Donaldson's recognition of his friend Whiting's presence we made one discovery before leaving the restaurant. Hackett sat down in the chair which our young friend had occupied and immediately

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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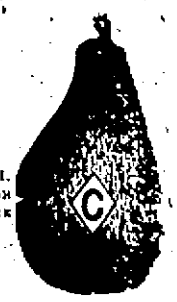

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A Hot Battle On New Year's

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

January 1, 1902

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ON New Year's day, 1862, the dashing Confederate general, "Prince" Magruder, effected the recapture of the city of Galveston from the Federal forces. For two months preceding that date Commander W. B. Renshaw, U. S. N., had held the city under menace of the guns of his little flotilla, consisting of the Harriet Lane, Owasco and Clifton and the ironclad Westfield, all lying in the channel off Kuhn's wharf, with an auxiliary of 300 soldiers bivouacked on the wharf and protected on the land side by a chasm in the flooring where the planks had been piled up to form a parapet.

With the exception of the 300 soldiers, who belonged to the Forty-second Massachusetts, there had been no attempt during Federal control to garrison the city. Old Confederate earthworks that had been speedily evacuated when Renshaw's vessels dashed into view on the original attack remained undisturbed, and the former occupants of the works had only retired out of range of the naval guns.

Magruder chose New Year's morning to spring an attack on the foe by land and water, as sudden and as bold as that of Renshaw when he captured the place. He improvised a naval force from river boats, the most formidable being the cotton clad packets Neptune and Bayou City. During the night of the 31st of December he massed a column of artillery and infantry in front of the wharf, with cannon trained upon the Harriet Lane and the camp of the Massachusetts men.

The Confederate signal gun was fired at 4 a. m. The gunners of the Harriet Lane, standing ready, answered with a shower of grape, which the Owasco quickly followed up. The fusillade drove the Magruder's gunners from their places. Meanwhile stirring scenes were enacted at the wharf. The enemy's movements had been so stealthy that the officer of the Massachusetts picket made his nightly rounds without discovering anything unusual in front, although Magruder's guns were pushed up within a stone's throw of the parapet. The planks had been removed from the inshore end of the wharf, leaving a chasm fifty feet wide. Back of this yawning gap and the parapet the Massachusetts men quickly formed for battle.

Renshaw's ships, having been anchored with the emergency in view, swept the whole shore on the land side of the ditch with canister, while the little band on the wharf poured in a terrible shower of bullets. But in the face of that blasting fire a column of volunteer Confederate stormers, under Colonel Cook, attempted to carry the wharf. The scaling ladders which had been brought up proved too short to span the gap, and they began to bridge the open space by planks, which had been provided on shore. This maneuver was cut short by the murderous fire of the Massachusetts men. The Confederate gunners in front of the wharf were also driven from their pieces. Magruder's land attack, despite its boldness and the heroism of his soldiers, could not recover the city. The force to be reckoned with was Renshaw's guns.

From fighting the enemy on land the men of the Harriet Lane were called to meet an attack at close quarters. The Bayou City and Neptune ran alongside the Lane, and while their riflemen swept her decks with bullets the Bayou City riddled her wooden sides with thirty-two pound shots. One missile from the little cotton clad stove an immense hole in the Lane behind her wheel. Seeing that a good shot had been made, Captain Weir of the Bayou City sighted the lanyard of the gun nearest him and called out, "Here goes for a New Year's present!" The piece exploded instantly, killing Weir and wounding Captain Schneider, who stood alongside.

Meanwhile the Bayou City's consort, the Neptune, closed with the Lane and had her bow stove in the encounter. At the same time a shot from the Lane cut through her hull, and she dropped away and sank. After the explosion of her gun the Bayou City attempted to ram the Lane, but missed the mark. In a second dash she struck the Lane aft of the wheelhouse, running her bow so far under the gunwale that there was no backing off.

While the vessels stuck together the fighting force of the Bayou City poured a terrific fusillade of bullets upon the decks of the Lane from their cotton bale ramparts. After a few minutes of slaughter Captain Leon Smith, who led the naval end of Magruder's expedition, leaped aboard the Lane, followed by his men. Commander Wainwright and Lieutenant Lea stood on the gory deck among their falling sailors, trying to rally strength for resistance. Some of the Federal sailors hoisted a white flag, but when Wainwright was called upon to surrender he refused and was cut down, after twenty minutes' desperate battle by a sword cut given, it was believed, by Smith himself. Lea was also cut down with a mortal wound.

After the Harriet Lane had surrendered Smith assisted in removing the body of his dead foeman to Magruder's headquarters. Magruder in his official report credited Smith with having killed Wainwright in honorable combat. Some years later it was asserted publicly that Smith had cut down the gallant Federal in cold blood after surrender. This charge Smith offset by declaring that he boarded the ship in the darkness and fought blindly with whoever chanced in reach of his sword; that the Federal officers refused to surrender and fell nobly defending the ship and their own persons.

If the battle at New Year's dawn had its weird horrors, it also had its tender pathos. One incident of the after scenes was the meeting of Lieutenant Lea, who was wounded by the side of Wainwright, and his father, Major Lea of Magruder's staff. Learning of the impending attack upon the Lane, Major Lea asked permission to join it in the hope of caring for or perhaps burying his son, whose courage he knew would stop short of nothing but victory or death. At daylight he found his boy prostrate among the Federal wounded and dying and rapidly fading away. "Edward, 'tis your father," said he.

"I know you, father, but I cannot move," said the hero faintly. Some stimulants were given the lieutenant under which he rallied, but after exchanging a few sentences he fell back dying, with the words, "Father is here!" upon his lips.

The fate of Commander Renshaw was at once pathetic and tragic. His flagship, Westfield was aground and could not move up to succor the Harriet Lane. When all was over, the Confederates sent out a truceboat to say that if he would surrender he might remove his people from the harbor. Spurning the offer, he sent his crew away in boats and remained with his officers to set the Westfield on fire. So rapidly did the flames spread that they reached the magazine, and the ship was torn into a thousand pieces in a few minutes. Renshaw had just boarded his yawl alongside the doomed vessel and was of course destroyed by the explosion.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

CAPTAIN LEON SMITH BOARDING THE HARRIET LANE.

Some of Them Do.

Bashful Little Man—Do men usually fall on their knees when they propose?

Up-to-date Young Woman—Some of them do, but I should advise you to stand on a stool.—Tit-Bits.

Automobiles are not allowed to travel at a greater speed than eight miles an hour in Columbus, O.

Imitation.

Mrs. Spader—What are you going to wear this winter?

Mrs. Sulpton—I can't tell yet, but I'll let you know in time.—New York Herald.

Won a Name for Herself.

"How did you come to select Olive as a name for your baby?"

"Well, you see, my wife's father objected to our marriage, and when the last one came he forgave us. So we thought it was no more than right to let her have proper credit."—Chicago Record Herald.

DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

perceived that owing to the position of a fat tree upon which our coats were hung the mirror in the wall could not explain the phenomenon. I could see around one side of this obstruction and Hackett around the other side, but it was precisely in the necessary line of Donaldson's vision.

About two weeks after this remarkable luncheon Deacon Donaldson was added to our working force at Tunbridge and became a member of my household, and there a singular and amusing complication presently came about. Mrs. Jane Harrington, whose husband is a cousin of mine and has charge of a branch of our business in the west, came to visit me, bringing her daughter, a very charming young woman of twenty. In some mysterious manner Donaldson got the notion that Millie Harrington was the beautiful psychic whose union with himself was secretly plotted by the wily Stephen Hackett and me. He had never been able to rid himself of the idea that something of the sort was in the wind, but he was entirely ignorant of the facts in the case of Dorothy Vaughn.

In fact, nobody in Tunbridge except Hackett and me knew that Dorothy's coming to teach our school had any connection with our quest of mysteries. It was far more likely that Donaldson should suspect Millie, who was there upon my direct invitation and seemingly thrown into his way with malice aforethought, than Dorothy, who lived on the other side of the town and was merely the schoolteacher.

Millie was a flirt, I'm afraid, and as the deacon was the most attractive young man in her vicinity she proceeded to practice her innocent arts upon him. I think he was not naturally timid in such matters. He had a very easy and graceful manner in the company of ladies, and not even so simple an old fellow as myself could fail to see that he had learned his lesson in the school of experience. Millie found him an admirable cavalier, and she kept him busy in her service.

It may have been five weeks that Millie and her mother were at my house, and the place was so gay that I did not feel at home. In the evenings there would be music and dancing, and I would sit in a corner alone except when Hackett strayed into this scene of unaccustomed revelry or when Dorothy could be persuaded to come over after the school. She was in mourning for her aunt, of course, and could not join in the sport, but she held it no harm to sit in sober black and watch the others. We had some great talks in this way, but it seemed to me that she was not in so good spirits after this brief season of festivity got well under way. Indeed it must have been a trial for a young and pretty girl, as I thought more than once. It never occurred to me that there could be any special trouble. Even when she advanced the opinion one evening that she was not doing very well with the school and perhaps it might be better for her to go away I totally failed to comprehend.

That night after the house had become quiet I was sitting before the fire in the library alone when Donaldson dropped in to keep me company. At my invitation he took a cigar, selecting one that was black and strong, and when he had lighted it I perceived that there was something on his mind. A man who wishes to conceal his mental state should not smoke in the presence of a smoker.

"Mr. Harrington," said he at last, "you have been very good to me. You have put me in a fine way of business, so that my future is assured—if I behave myself. I am very grateful in every way, and I'm going to please you if I can. But, by jingo," he cried, suddenly springing up, "I can't!"

"Why not?" I asked as gently as possible.

He dried the palms of his hands upon his handkerchief.

"It's a great honor," he said, trying to be calm. "I told you so long ago at Bertram's. Of course I didn't then know that the young lady would be related to you. I couldn't foresee how beautiful she would be, how admirable in every way. She doesn't care a penny for me, to be sure, but I'm not speaking of that. I'm speaking of my own sentiments. She's got the most wonderful eyes—dark, mysterious, marvelous eyes. By Jove, I can well believe that she's the true psychic! And perhaps that's what's the matter."

"Are you speaking of Miss Harrington?" I inquired as he paused. And he replied with a quick nod of affirmation.

"I'll tell you the truth!" he cried, wheeling toward me suddenly. "The psychic matter hasn't anything to do with it. It's because I'm in love with somebody else. I've got no business to be in love, but I am. On the chance that the woman I love may love me I ought to go and drown myself—in her interest—but I won't. I will stay right here and win her if I can. I'm selfish enough to do it, vain enough to think I may succeed, and it seemed to be my duty to tell you about it, Mr. Harrington, considering the very peculiar circumstances of the case."

"Who is the young lady?" I inquired.

For some strange reason a flood of emotion choked him as he tried to speak her name. He struggled with it for an instant and then answered me by throwing out his right arm so that he pointed to the window and across the broad lawn and nearly the whole town beyond it, half a mile or more in all, to the house where Dorothy lived.

I understood him perfectly.

"You couldn't please me better than that," said I. "With all my heart I wish you well."

Some days later Dorothy told me that she was much more encouraged about the school and that she had quite given up the idea of going away. She was devoted to the work, and yet I knew that it was not her success therein which had so lightened her heart.

When Hackett learned how matters stood, he insisted that my theory about a natural antipathy between psychics was overthrown, but I preferred to regard the case as merely exceptional. Obviously the rule cannot be ironclad, for if such were the fact occult powers would disappear from the world.

At any rate, this was a true love match if ever there was one. Their happiness brought out the noblest qualities of their hearts. They did wonderful work that winter, both of them, justifying my best hopes and winning my warmest good will.

It was to be a long engagement, Dorothy had mentioned two years, I believe. But in the late spring we planned to send Donaldson abroad, with the result that Dorothy decided to go too. So they were married in my house, which was rose bedecked for the occasion. There were festivities which lasted until sundown, and then while some of the younger guests were tying telltale ribbons to the carriage that waited before my door the two lovers escaped by another way and ran hand in hand like children across the fields through the sweet June evening. It appeared that they had secretly sent all their baggage to the railroad station earlier in the day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARIBOU MURDER.

The Newfoundland Fishermen Kill Hundreds For Salting.

Newfoundland is probably the only country in the world where venison, salted or fresh, is a staple article of diet for the masses.

The coast folk make their plans with method and deliberation.

From the harbors where they reside they go in their boats to the rivers and fiords which strike into the interior. When navigation is no longer possible, they debark and continue on foot to the deer country. They carry barrels filled with salt and sometimes go in large companies. When the rendezvous is reached, they camp. They ambush themselves along a promising "lead" or deer track, armed with long six foot muzzle loading sealing guns, which they charge with about "eight fingers" of coarse gunpowder and "slugs" of lead, fragments of iron or bits of rusty nails, whichever they may have. They fire point blank into a herd of caribou as it passes and, being usually good shots, contrive to kill almost anything they aim at or to wound it so badly with these dreadful missiles that it soon collapses. Then they skin and cut up the meat, for these men know a little of every trade, and pack it in the barrels, with the salt as a preservative.—Outing.

The Oriental and His Rugs.

A recent writer on oriental rugs says that there is no arbitrary test by which an inexperienced person can tell a genuine rug from a bogus one. Knots and strands mean nothing except in connection with other important elements. Shades and spots are imitated. Washing the rug to discover if it has been painted over with brush and water color frequently leads only to the discovery of a bad spot in an otherwise fine rug. The oriental dyer does his work according to his own sweet will. Between the puffs of a cigarette and the gossip of his friends he dips his material in the dye tub. Only the expert knowledge of the old rug buyer can be depended on. These buyers go to the great fairs on the edge of the desert, where once a year the men of the east gather to haggle together. Sometimes western buyers push into Persia and the Caucasus to search out rare weaves in the homes of the weavers, but the venture is always attended with some danger from native hostility. It is said that the annals of commerce contain greater romances than were ever woven around tales of war.

With a Grain of Salt.

The earliest record of the saying, "With a grain of salt," dates back to the year 63 B. C., when the great Pompey entered the palace of Mithridates and discovered among his private papers the description of an antidote against poisons of all sorts, which was composed of pounded herbs. These, according to the recipe, were to be taken with a grain of salt. Whether this was meant seriously or as a warning sarcasm is not known, but thenceforth it became the custom to say that doubtful preparations should be taken with a grain of salt.

From this the meaning got transferred to sayings of doubtful truth. "Attic salt" was a Greek synonym for wit or penetration, and the Latin word "sal" had somewhat of the same meaning. It is thus easy to see how the saying, "Cum grano salis," could have come to mean the necessity of accepting doubtful or suspicious statements "with a grain of salt."

Her Complaint.

Jane was a patient in one of the large public hospitals. She boasted a cough which was more than suspected to be a "fake" cough rather than bronchial or pulmonary.

The kindly young physician in charge of the ward allowed her some harmless remedies. One day he said to her:

"Ah, Jane, I fear you are a bad case of hypochrondria!"

"Is that it, doctther?" said Jane, much impressed.

The next morning there she was again, asking for her little dose.

"I'm very bad with it the day, doctther."

"With what?" asked the doctor.

"Wid what ye were namin' for me yestiddy," she replied. "It gave me no peace at all last night."

An Item In Demand.

He was cutting an item from a newspaper.

"It tells how a house was robbed, and I want to show it to my wife," he explained.

"What good will that do?" a friend inquired.

"A whole lot," was the reply. "You see, this house was robbed while the man was at church with his wife."

"Say!" exclaimed the friend excitedly, "you haven't got a duplicate copy of that paper, have you?"—Chicago Post.

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JOHN VARS,

1026 Thames Street.

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, December 27, 1902.

Good by to 1902—all hail the coming 1903. May the coming be no worse than the departed.

Governor Kimball is sitting for his portrait to be presented to adorn the new state house. Look pleasant, please, and don't think too much about the late election.

Venezuela's total public debt is $46,000,000. A nation that borrows money to that extent should not expect to pay it on the strength of revolution as a chief industry.

We wish our ten thousand subscribers a VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR. May the richest of Heaven's blessings be vouchsafed to them during the year which is to come.

There is practically a unanimous feeling that all coal duties should be repealed by Congress at the earliest possible moment. If that will in any way facilitate the supply of fuel for the poor people as well as the rich, let us by all means have the free coal.

U. S. Minister Bowen at Venezuela is an important man in the eyes of the world. He represents more big countries, simultaneously, than any other diplomat did in the world's history. Thus far, apparently, he has made no mistake. If he comes out of this brush as well as he has continued thus far he will be a great man in the country.

Dewey sends word that his big fleet will spend Christmas at eleven different Carribean ports, and the navy department replies: "Carry out your proposed holiday itinerary. Merry Christmas!" The Carribean sea is a good place for a big fleet of Uncle Sam's war dogs just now. There is nothing like being near by when there is any fun going on.

Isaac H. Southwick, Jr., one of the prominent of the younger lawyers of Providence, died on Tuesday morning after a brief illness from typhoid pneumonia. He was chairman of the board of canvassers of that city, and clerk to the House Committee on Corporations. He was a man well known throughout the State and very popular with every one.

Governor Kimball has appointed Gardiner C. Sims a police commissioner for Providence, in the place of R. H. Deming, deceased. This appointment is well received, and it is thought that Gov. Garvin will continue him in office and also re-appoint Commissioner Luther. Sims was formerly a Democrat but since the Bryan issue he has voted the Republican ticket. He is neither a free trader nor a free silverite.

The coal outlook grows worse daily, instead of better. The shortage is universal. All kinds of manufacturing concerns, as well as the individual consumer, are feeling the lack of fuel, and many factories must shut down unless there is relief soon, and there seems to be no relief in sight. In this city people are living with practically only a daily supply on hand, and for that they are compelled to pay from $10 to $12 per ton. The situation will not in all probability improve until warm weather approaches.

When the U. S. Steel Corporation was formed, Mr. Schwab, the president, was given a salary of $100,000 on a five years' contract. To this, it is said, Mr. Carnegie paid $200,000 more, making a cool million dollars for five years work, or $200,000 a year, which is probably the largest salary ever paid in this country. This salary amounts to six hundred and sixty-six dollars a day, of 300 working days to a year, equal to $66.66-100 an hour of 10 working hours to the day, or a little over one dollar a minute. He ought to be able to support his family on that amount even with coal at ten dollars a ton.

Senator Aldrich.

Arthur Wellman thus writes about Rhode Island's senior Senator: One of the most powerful men in the Senate is Aldrich, of Rhode Island. As chairman of the great committee on finance, no action affecting the revenues can be taken without his consent. Known for years as the chief high priest of protection, his performance has vindicated his title. He is the great tariff-maker of the Senate. None other is so well informed as he in all the intricacies of the customs schedules, magic figures where the change of an innocent-looking numeral, or even of a fraction, or, sometimes the omission or insertion of a little comma, means a fortune won or lost to someone. Aldrich is suave, alert, smart, sometimes mysterious, and always single-purposed. That purpose is to see that protection is preserved in season and out of season in the house of its friends for its friend. Everything is lent to the end in view. Aldrich's hand is often seen; oftener it is invisible. He is crafty, burrowing, never-sleeping. A Senator has a pet measure. He presses it with all his power. There seems to be no active opposition to it. Yet it fails to get ahead. Some mysterious influence blocks the way. If he is experienced, if he is smart, if he knows the ropes, the Senator will go to the chairman of the committee on finance and make his peace. He will sign a treaty of alliance. He will promise to be good. He will pledge himself to be by Aldrich's side when Aldrich needs him.

Aldrich is the greatest politician of the Senate. Sooner or later he has his finger in every legislative pie. Often his is the actual controlling power when few if any suspect that he is bestirring himself. He has the consummate art which enables him to exert tremendous influence when to all outward appearance he is wholly quiescent. To him the Senate is more than a legislative body, more than a club; it is a chessboard upon which he loves to move the pieces without showing his hand. He is never in a hurry; never anxious or eager; never seems to be mixing in other people's affairs. He sits quietly at his place, a picture of calm indifference; and, when he moves about, it is to drop down beside this Senator or that for a casual word of inquiry. It is with these casual words, these little chats, that he sows his seed. He knows men, knows everyone's weakness and strength, knows each Senator's dearest hope and most poignant fear. Give him a little time and he will have full information as to what everyone else is up to and scarcely anyone will have any information as to what he is up to. But he knows, and in the end he usually gets his way.

Men who think they are running things suddenly awake to a realization of the fact that they have reckoned without someone. There is someone they must see and reach an understanding with. This is Aldrich. The Rhode Islander is one of the most interesting characters ever seen in the Senate—a character worthy of a place in the future great novel America.

St. Louis World's Fair.

The St. Louis World's Fair will be approximately twice as big as any former international exposition. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia covered 236 acres, the Paris Exposition of 1899-1900, 336 acres; the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, 633 acres; the Pan-American at Buffalo, 350 acres. The St. Louis World's Fair will cover 1,200 acres.

The construction cost of the Paris Exposition was $9,000,000, that of the Columbian Exposition, $18,322,000, and the total cost of the Pan-American Exposition was $10,000,000. The estimated cost of the St. Louis World's Fair will be $30,000,000. This, you know, will mean $40,000,000 by the time the work is completed.

Before the Exposition gates are open, the city of St. Louis will have expended the enormous sum of $20,000,000. Of this amount $5,000,000 was appropriated for the Fair through the Municipal Assembly, her citizens raised $5,000,000 additional by private subscription, and by popular vote at a special election the Charter Amendments were carried, which will enable the city to expend $10,000,000 for street paving and other public improvements.

Highly Prized.

From a valued friend in Connecticut we received for a Christmas remembrance a tiny basket, about the bigness of a lady's thimble, filled to the lid with confectionery, accompanied with the following lines:

Were Christmas gifts measured by personal worth,
This would call for a basket, the largest on earth,
As that cannot be (and I know you'll not ask it)
Please accept with best wishes this very small basket
Full to the lid.
May your basket grow larger as long as you live,
To hold the best blessings that Heaven can give,
And may all the troubles that threaten your bliss,
Find room in a basket no bigger than this
Nor full to the lid.
Meriden, Conn., Christmas, 1902.

Jamestown.

The regular monthly meeting of the town council and court of probate was held Monday.

In court of probate the petition of Henry B. Tucker for the appointment of Charles J. Tucker as administrator on the estate of Pardon Tucker was referred to the meeting to be held the fourth Monday in January.

A petition was received from Eliza Johnson, praying that the last will and testament of Isaac Johnson be proved and recorded, and that letters testamentary thereon be granted to her.

The following bills were ordered paid: John Robinson, shoes and supplies, $3.40; W. H. Harrison, mending harness, $1.20; W. H. Severance, for services as supervisor, $2; G. H. Burnham, two gallons cylinder oil, $1.50; first judicial district court, fines due, $1.50; Jackson & Newton, storm windows for school house, $27.80; W. B. Gill, two feet of oak wood, $8; W. B. Gill, wood for engine house, town hall and library $2; Hugh Ebbitt, services as inspector of work on Walcott avenue, $134.73; G. H. Burnham, repairs on fire engine, $158.40; W. F. Caswell, fees as town clerk, $41.24; R. E. Sherman, services as policeman, $2.25; R. E. Sherman, lighting street lights, $50; Harry C. Champlin, services as janitor of the engine house, $60; David Van Pelt, services as policeman, $42; J. B. Carter Company, oil, etc., $25.84; Job N. Tefft, assignee, salary of Alonzo Tefft, $48; Guiseppi Bonnacci, services as interpreter, $1.20; Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company, 1,100 pounds of coal, $4.40; Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company, for freight, $2.20; C. E. Hull, services as policeman; $13.76.

The Parish Aid Society of St. Matthew's Church holds its meeting to-night at the rectory, having been postponed from Tuesday evening. A cobweb party will be the principal feature and a reception for the rector, Rev. C. D. Burrows, who leaves Monday for the South on his annual vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Anthony left Tuesday for Ossining, N. Y., to spend the holidays with Mrs. Anthony's parents, Superintendent of Schools and Mrs. J. I. Gorton.

Mr. Louis W. Anthony returned from Canaan, N. H., to spend Christmas with his family.

Portsmouth.

A call has been extended to Rev. Mr. Jacobs, of New York, to become rector of St. Mary's church, South Portsmouth.

Washington Matters.

Venezuelan Trouble Reflects Credit on the Administration—House Demonstrates its Good Faith on the Trust Question—Cuban Treaty in Hands of the Senate—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1902.

There is a rapidly growing conviction in Washington that the Venezuelan episode when past will have added another laurel to the reputation of Secretary Hay as a diplomat and that the course of straight forward diplomacy, as exemplified by President Roosevelt's exposition of the Monroe Doctrine in his first message to Congress, will have scored another victory. The statement that "The Powers concerned, (Great Britain and Germany) will deal solely with the United States in the matter of arbitration", is regarded as the greatest recognition the Monroe Doctrine has ever received. The acceptance by the Allies of the arbitration proposals forwarded by Secretary Hay, although accompanied by some conditions which complicate the situation, is regarded as foreshadowing the peaceful conclusion of the present difficulty and the administration has turned its attention to facilitating that end. While it is obviously impossible for the United States to guarantee the payment of such identity and damages as may be allowed by the arbitrators, the Government will make it clear to such American financiers as may become interested in the situation, that it will use its power to protect them in any loan they may make to Venezuela.

Secretary Hay, Ambassador Herbert and Senator Depew, the latter representing the Seligmans, have already had one conference with a view to determining what can be done to enable Venezuela to meet her obligations and it is believed that eventually a satisfactory settlement will be the outcome of the interest displayed by the American bankers. Representative Hitt, chairman of the committee on Foreign Affairs, said today, "Both parties in the House believe that the administration has handled the Venezuelan affair with great good judgment and the resolution passed by the House asking for information should not be construed as arguing a want of confidence. The Monroe Doctrine has been strengthened in three ways. The Powers, by refraining from landing troops on South American soil have shown a respect for the Doctrine which will constitute a precedent, the jealousy with which the American people regard the Doctrine has been demonstrated and South American countries have again been taught the lesson that they cannot repudiate their just debts and hope to get behind the Monroe Doctrine for protection."

Taking the Venezuelan situation as a text, Secretary Moody delivered a powerful argument before the House Committee on Naval Affairs, recently. He cited the President's statement that "Our Navy must be a match for any," and proceeded to demonstrate the necessity for six new ships to be authorized by Congress this year. The President is earnestly backing up the wishes of his Secretary of the Navy. He has said "I am in favor of building warships every year until the United States Navy shall be as strong as any in the world." Every influence which is at the command of the Administration will be brought to bear on Congress to secure liberal treatment of the Navy but there is evident a disinclination on the part of the Naval Committee to commit the country to a policy which it fears will entail heavy taxation.

Certain naval officers are advancing the theory that Germany in so vigorously prosecuting her claims against Venezuela, was actuated by a desire to secure a naval base on this continent. Such a theory, while apparently plausible, is not supported by the facts, the German Ambassador having on two occasions, one as recently as December 11, protested in writing to Secretary Hay that his country had no intention of acquiring or even occupying American territory. He further asserts that he has been instructed to make this statement by his Sovereign. Under the circumstances there is little ground for the claims set forth in Naval circles and if the Administration traces their authors there may follow a severe reprimand.

The House of Representatives has demonstrated its good faith on the trust question by passing an appropriation bill which provides that $500,000 shall be placed at the disposal of the Attorney General for the prosecution of trusts under the existing law. Although passed as an amendment to the Legislative bill, this is in accordance with the provisions of Representatives Hepburn's measure. It is believed by many that when this bill is passed by the Senate it will constitute all the anti-trust legislation enacted by the present Congress. The supporters of this policy claim, that, owing to a lack of financial resources, it has never been possible for the Attorney General to properly enforce the Sherman law but that he will now be able to do so and that it would be injudicious to enact new legislation or amend the present law until it has been thoroughly tested in the courts and its efficiency or the reverse demonstrated by legal decisions.

Reversing his intentions as previously announced, Senator Hoar has given notice to the Senate that he will introduce an anti-trust bill at this session. When seen on the subject, however, it was evident that the Senator's intentions were not well defined, and that what his bill would be and even whether it would be framed at all, would depend entirely on the decision of the Attorney General. If Mr. Knox decides that with the new appropriation he can better test the Sherman law and withdraws the recommendations made in his Pittsburg speech for the present, the measure of the venerable Senator from Massachusetts will not probably materialize this session.

The Cuban treaty is now in the hands of the Senate and will receive prompt consideration after the holidays. It grants to Cuba a concession of 25 per cent. from the Dingley rates and secures for the products of the United States concessions varying from 20 to 40 per cent. and averaging about 33⅓ per cent.

It is said that a new Casino, more gorgeous than the old one, is to be built at Narragansett Pier for the coming season.

There were some very pretty and interesting Christmas exercises in the various school rooms on Wednesday afternoon previous to closing for the holidays.

Mr. George T. Brice of Taunton, Mass., is spending the holidays with friends in Newport.

New Haven's Purchase.

The New Haven and Pennsylvania Railroads have acquired over 850 acres of water frontage in Squantum near Boston, running from Atlantic along the Neponset River and Dorchester Bay to the city's land at Squantum Point. On the land will be developed a vast system of export docks and warehouses. The New Haven is said also to have acquired a water frontage in Weymouth opposite Fore River Engine Co., which may furnish a terminus for a sound line to New York. A large corporation has also made an offer for a peninsular tract on the Quincy shore at Germantown. Opposite on the Braintree shore is to be built the $5,000,000 plant of the American Tube works.

A Grand Soloist with Creatore

The vocal portion of the programme when Creatore and his Italian band come here Tuesday, Dec. 30, will be furnished by Mme. Barili, a beautiful woman and charming soprano, with a high range voice of excellent lyric quality. She has been one of the successes of the band throughout its career. The band throughout is composed of excellent instrumental soloists, several of whom are famous in Italy. This gives all of the music the best of performance, and under the almost hypnotic influence of the great conductor, some of the grandest effects ever heard in music are

produced. Of course the most interesting thing in the entertainment is the personality of Creatore himself. He is an Italian of the highest artistic temperament, and throws such energy into all of his work that his gestures and agile mannerisms rivet the attention of all who witness the performance. Never has any conductor been caricatured and cartooned like Creatore, and the cleverest writers in the country have exhausted their adjectives in trying to describe his actions. Reserved seats are now on sale at Barney's music store.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1902, by W. T. Foster.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec. 27.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent December 26 to 30, warm wave 25 to 29, cool wave 28 to January 1.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about December 29, cross west of Rockies by close of 30, great central valleys 31 to January 2, eastern states January 3.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about December 29, great central valleys 31, eastern states January 2.

Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about January 1, great central valleys 3, eastern states 5.

Temperature of the week ending January 5 will average below normal in the northwest, below in southwest, above normal on Pacific coast, below in Ohio valley, lake region and northeastern states and about in southeastern states. Rainfall will be above normal in southwest, below in southeast, about in northeast, above in northwest and below on Pacific slope.

Immediately following date of this bulletin low temperatures will prevail in northwest and southwest, while temperature will be high on Pacific slope, low in Ohio valley, about great lakes and in northeastern states, moderate in southeastern states.

Second disturbance of January will reach Pacific coast about 2, cross west of Rockies by close of 3, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern states 6.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about January 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about January 5, great central valleys, 7, eastern states 9.

January will be divided into two warm and three cold spells. The weeks of which Jan. 5, 18 and 31 will be central days with average cold and the weeks of which 10 and 24 will be central days will be moderate.

January will be a cold stormy month, coldest parts of which will be first and last weeks. Warmest part of the month will be near 24.

Third disturbance of January will reach Pacific coast about 7, cross west of Rockies by close of 8, great central valleys 9 to 11, eastern states 12.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 7, great central valleys 9, eastern states 11. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 10, great central valleys 12, eastern states 14.

The Rhode Island Supreme Court is struggling with the settlement of the Paran Stevens estate. A dozen heirs ask the court to construe a clause affecting Newport property. The property in question has been turned into a licensed boarding-house where cocktails are considered cheap at a dollar a pair, because of the privileges that go with them. Poor Mrs. Stevens! Had she been permitted a peep of what was to follow her demise, like one of Dickens's characters, she would have undoubtedly refused to gasp her last. Paran Stevens owned the block between Bellevue avenue, King and William streets. Besides his widow he left three children, Mrs. John L. Melcher, a daughter by his first wife, and Henry L. Stevens and Mrs. Arthur Paget. Henry Stevens died in 1885, and Mrs. Paran Stevens ten years later. The questions to be decided are: Did Mrs. Arthur Paget, the devisee of Henry Stevens, on the death of her mother, take his undivided third of any of the estate? What are the respective interests of several named claimants to that estate?—Town Topics.

The high wind Sunday night demolished a partially completed hotel at Weekapaug, some five miles from Westerly, which is being built for Geo. L. Stillman of that town.

The Providence Journal Almanac for 1903 has been received at this office and as usual contains a wealth of valuable information for the citizens of Rhode Island. It is handsomely gotten up and is profusely illustrated. Among the pictures of prominent men contained therein may be found Mayor Boyle of Newport, Town Clerk Caswell of Jamestown and Town Clerk Champlin of Block Island.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

Simeon Hazard has rented for Miss M. A. Fenlay, her furnished flat at 27 Mount Vernon street, to George F. Perkins.

C. H. Wrightington has rented for Mrs. Joseph Irish, the lower half of her house, No. 15 Sherman street, to Mrs. A. W. Grant.

C. H. Wrightington has rented for Capt. Nicholas Card, his cottage house on Guerney court, to Mrs. Mary E. Toomey.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRAUX Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1902. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	Eve
27 Sat	7 23	4 39	5 13	6 00	6 06
28 Sun	7 23	4 40	6 4	6 20	6 46
29 Mon	7 24	4 40	sets	7 06	7 28
30 Tues	7 24	4 41	5 17	7 [illegible]	8 07
31 Wed	7 24	4 42	6 42	8 15	8 44
1 Thurs	7 24	4 43	7 39	8 56	9 24
2 Fri	7 23	4 44	8 36	9 33	10 02

First Quarter 6th day, 1h. 28m., morning,
Full Moon 14th day, 10h. 47m., evening,
Last Quarter 21st day, 8h. 0m., evening,
New Moon, 29th day, 4h. 25m. evening.

FARMS WANTED.

FOR SALE OR RENTAL.

We now have 6½ acres on Vaucluse Avenue, $1,700
On Paradise Road, 15 acres & buildings, 7,500
On Bristol Road, Portsmouth:
Fourteen acres and house for 2 families, 7,000
On Vaucluse Avenue, 15 acres, 4,200
City properties for rent or sale in all of the wards.
Special attention paid to details.

SIMEON HAZARD,

40 BROADWAY.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

Real Estate Agent, Newport, R. I.; Office, 132 Bellevue Avenue.

Tracts of Land and Fine Sites For Sale on Easton's Point,

(MIDDLETOWN, R. I.—The opposite "Cliffs" being all studded with summer residences, the probability is that gradually Easton's Point will become equally covered with summer houses for the wealthy. Apply at MR. TAYLOR'S office in Newport for details.

Marriages.

In Jamestown, 23d inst., at the bride's residence, by Rev. C. D. Burrows, John Henry Sherman to Miss Sarah Elizabeth King.

Deaths.

Entered into rest, 23d inst., Sarah Pearce, wife of Thomas S. Tilley, and daughter of William B. and Ardelia J. West, aged 32 years.

In this city, 23d inst., at her residence, 10 Dearborn street, Catherine, wife of Florence Sullivan.

In this city, 22d inst., Augustine, son of Napoleon and Emily Roy, aged 12 years, 10 months, 25 days.

In this city, 21st inst., Esther Pearson, widow of William Brown.

In Little Compton, 22d inst., John Gray Wilbur, aged 81 years, 7 months, 19 days.

At Albany, 19th inst., Captain Francis M. Greene, retired commander, U. S. N.

In Providence, 20th, Edwin T. Newhall, 75; 21st, Albert Barrows Hathaway Pike, 73; 20th, Henry A. Hull, 75.

C. H. Wrightington,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

A good list of one and two-tenement houses for sale; some extra bargains. Cottages and Tenements for Rent.

BUILDING SITES

IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

ALSO

LIFE, FIRE, ACCIDENT, PLATE-GLASS INSURANCE.

OFFICE—94 Broadway, Newport, R. I. Telephone 924.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

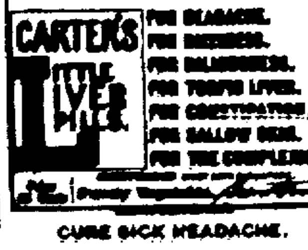
Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A wise old man told his sons that as long as they kept together like a bundle of fagots they could not be broken, although each one separately could not withstand much strain.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

illustrates the point as a food. Any single property of the wheat will not produce a strong, healthful body. Several will not do it. *All* do.

Chemistry shows that each property of the wheat has an exact counterpart in the body and that the reverse is also true. If we deplete the wheat, as is done in milling white flour, we reduce the nourishing powers.

Eat SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT made of the *whole* wheat and nourish the whole body. Sold by all grocers.

Served in many delightful ways.

Send for "The Vital Question" (Recipe Book, illustrated in colors,) FREE. Address

The Natural Food Co.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Election of Officers.

Court Pride of the City, No. 12, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—William J. Shea.
Sub-Chief Ranger—Joseph Keating.
Treasurer—William H. Chadwick.
Financial Secretary—Maurice Roche.
Senior Woodward—Thomas Ryan.
Junior Woodward—James Kelly.
Senior Beadle—Thomas Downes.
Junior Beadle—John P. Martin.
Trustee, for Three Years—J. Sullivan.
Physician—Edward V. Murphy, M. D.
Druggist—Charles M. Cole.

Newport Conclave, No. 39, Knights of Sherwood Forest.

Commander—Robert D. Campbell.
Vice Commander—Frederick S. Franco.
Adjutant—William J. Christmas.
Paymaster—Bartholomew Fogarty.
Drill Captain—Thomas Ryan.
First Lieutenant—Patrick J. Kirby.
Second Lieutenant—Louis Schaefer.
Master-at-Arms—James Melvin.
Sergeant Major—William H. Chadwick.
First Sergeant—Donald Russo.
Second Sergeant—James J. O'Hearne.
Organist—F. A. Fredericks.
Trustee, for Three Years—James Groves.
First Color Bearer—Patrick J. Smith.
Second Color Bearer—Alexander J. McAdam.
Acting Surgeon—Edward V. Murphy, M. D.

Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 5.

Noble Grand—Mrs. Carrie Starrett.
Vice Grand—Miss Anna Nelson.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Dora S. E. Foster.
Financial Secretary—Miss Sarah Bliss.
Treasurer—Mrs. Rebecca Underwood.

Newport Lodge, No. 145, Danish Brotherhood.

Ex-President—C. Peterson.
President—A. Christensen.
Vice President—R. Jensen.
Secretary—S. Nicholson.
Treasurer—M. Hogholt.
Inside Guard—E. Nordling.
Outside Guard—C. Anderson.
Trustees—N. Larsen, J. Larsen, S. Julison.

Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias.

Chancellor Commander—F. J. Davis, M. D.
Vice Chancellor—L. Hirschovitz.
Prelate—S. N. Booth.
Master of Work—David Blues.
Keeper of Records and Seals—Robert S. Franklin.
Master of Exchequer—George H. Ellis.
Master of Finance—Thomas Lucas.
Master-at-Arms—F. A. C. Stewart.
Outside Guard—J. G. Spingler.
Trustees—Everett I. Gorton, J. H. Mustard W. H. Langley.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Homeseeker's Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest

via Chicago & North-Western Ry from Chicago November 4, 18, December 2 and 16. Exceptionally low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming. Better own a farm. Start now. Send 2-cent stamp to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, for copy of the "Northwestern Homeseeker." Apply to your nearest ticket agent for particulars, or address J. E. Brittain, 368 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 11-15-8w

EXAMINE OUR

CAPE ANN

—AND—

Black Grain Boots!

ALSO

GRAIN LACE SHOES.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co

Carr's List.

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS, by Ralph Connor.
A DOFFED CORONET, by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."
THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by Sydney George Fisher.
THE KING'S AGENT, by Arthur Paterson.
A LOYAL TRAITOR, by James Barnes.
LIZETTE, by Edward Marshall.
THE GIRL PROPOSITION, by George Ade.
DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

CASTRO WILLING

Venezuelan Troubles May Go Before Hague Tribunal

A WASHINGTON SUGGESTION

Which May Result in Early Adjustment of Difficulties—Our Government, If Occasion Arises, Will Insist That Blockade Be Called Off

Caracas, Dec. 26.—President Castro has telegraphed from La Victoria his acceptance of the proposal to submit all pending differences to the arbitration of The Hague tribunal, subject to certain conditions, which include cessation of the blockade and the return to Venezuela of the fleet seized by the allied powers.

President Castro's acceptance has been transmitted to the Washington government, from which the proposal emanated.

Washington, Dec. 26.—No confirmation could be obtained in Washington last night of the report from Caracas that the proposition had been made to President Castro that all pending differences between Venezuela and the European governments having claims against her be submitted to arbitration of The Hague tribunal. Secretary Hay had retired, when the dispatch reached Washington, and no other official of the state department was able to give any information on the subject.

It is known that only two days ago President Roosevelt had not determined whether to accept the proposal of the allies to act as arbitrator, or to urge again that the question should go to The Hague.

If, as stated, the suggestion has come from Washington that the matter should be arbitrated at The Hague, that conclusion probably was reported at the long conference the president had with Secretary Hay Wednesday afternoon when the two officials were together for some time, considering the proposals from the allies that the president take up the question of the arbitration. The dispatch to President Castro, through Minister Bowen, suggesting arbitration at The Hague, must have followed that conference.

The officials here have refused absolutely to say anything on the subject since the receipt of the proposal from the allies, or even to give out anything bearing on the terms of that proposal. The impression here is that an early determination of the matter will be reached.

No matter by whom the matter is arbitrated, either by the president or The Hague tribunal, the feeling here is strong that the United States government, if the occasion arises, will insist that the existing blockade be called off while the arbitration is in progress. The presence of the blockading fleet along the Venezuelan coast is sure to be a menace to peaceful conditions, and differences of various kinds may arise at any time through the arbitrary action of some of the commanders of the ships of the allied fleets, or through the intrepidity of some skipper who may attempt to run the blockade. But the greatest objection to a continuance of the blockade pending arbitration will be the loss to American shipping interests, which this government does not believe should be tolerated.

Money First, Then Arbitration

Berlin, Dec. 26.—The Lokal Anzeiger publishes the following statement, which was evidently inspired by the foreign office: "The German government has excluded from the scope of arbitration of the Venezuelan difficulty a claim of 1,700,000 bolivars, which must be paid immediately in cash before arbitration is begun."

Blockaders Use Searchlights

Willemstad, Dec. 26.—The American steamer Cariocas has brought the remainder of her cargo here. The warships of the allied powers are now using searchlights to watch the coasts of Venezuela. Forty vessels are now detained at La Guaira.

Wanted to Kill Her Babe

Waterville, Me., Dec. 23.—Mrs. Marshall Vigue was committed to the insane asylum at Augusta yesterday, she having been adjudged possessed of homicidal insanity. She made an attack upon her 4-months-old babe with a hammer. The child's skull is fractured and cannot live. The woman has been acting strangely for weeks, but at times realizes her condition.

Great Increase In Manufactures

Concord, N. H., Dec. 24.—According to the report of Labor Commissioner Carroll the value of manufactured products in this state has increased $8,503,477 over the previous year. This represents reports from 1454 manufacturing establishments. The growth of the cotton industry in Manchester is the most important single factor.

Business Man Killed by Car

Taunton, Mass., Dec. 24.—Lewis Williams, one of Taunton's leading business men, was struck by an electric car last night and died on his way to a hospital. He was 62 years old, and was cashier and a heavy stockholder in the Staples Coal company. He also was connected with other large concerns.

No Cattle Disease In Connecticut

Hartford, Dec. 23.—The secretary of agriculture yesterday afternoon removed the quarantine against the state of Connecticut established last month, owing to the prevalence of the foot and mouth disease.

Jenkins Forfeits Championship

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 26.—Dan McLeod won the championship of America at catch-as-catch-can wrestling and the $1500 end of a $2000 purse here yesterday by gaiting the better of Tom Jenkins. Jenkins had a bad leg caused by blood poisoning, and the pain of this leg, caused by the points of a brass buckle entering the flesh, made him quit in the third bout.

HOME WENT HUNGRY

Salvationists and Volunteers of America Looked After Boston's Poor

Boston, Dec. 26.—Christmas cheer in various forms was dispensed to thousands of Boston's poor and deserving families yesterday through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America, and a bountiful Christmas dinner was served to more than 4000 people by the first named organization in Mechanics hall. Under the direction of Colonel Evans, in charge of the Salvation Army in Boston, over 2000 baskets, each containing materials for a complete dinner and, in addition, 25 pounds of coal, were distributed throughout the day to needy families, to be prepared at their own homes. Presents from a huge Christmas tree were distributed by Colonel Evans among thousands of delighted children in the hall.

The Volunteers of America, headed by Colonel Keppel, were busy in their work of charity, and during the day they supplied well-filled baskets to more than 1000 families, while 250 suits of clothes were distributed to men, women and children. In the evening presents were distributed to a ragged army of children and they were entertained with a stereopticon exhibition.

These gatherings were the largest of the day, but in nearly all the charitable institutions of the city the inmates were given the usual Christmas dinners and entertainments.

Another Arrest In Vandal Murder

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 23.—Fred Reed was taken into custody by the police last night on the charge of highway robbery from Gaspard O. Vandal, the grocer who was robbed and murdered Sunday morning. Reed, who is 40 years old, claims that he recalls little of his doings since Saturday for the reason, he says, that in company with Ernest King, who is held in $20,000, charged with the fatal assault on Vardal, he visited saloons and drank a great deal.

Sunday Meetings Are Legal

Providence, Dec. 20.—A beneficial association may properly transact business on Sunday, according to an opinion handed down yesterday by Chief Justice Stiness. Any action it may take on that day in the line of its regular business will be sustained by the supreme court. A writ of mandamus was asked for by Marjorique Peoir compelling a society to reinstate him because his expulsion, he claimed, having taken place on Sunday, was unlawful.

Great Labor Headquarters

Indianapolis, Dec. 22.—After Jan. 1 this city will be the labor headquarters of more than 500,000 union workers in America, comprising the officials of the three largest labor organizations in the United Mine Workers, the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America and the International Typographical Union.

Alleged Slayer Has Fled

Providence, Dec. 22.—As the result of the inquest into the death of Benjamin A. France, whose skull was fractured by a blow from a baseball bat delivered from behind, Pelerino de Angelis is found to be the slayer. De Angelis has disappeared, with little prospect that he will be apprehended.

Objection to Non-Union Man

Nashua, N. H., Dec. 24.—About 30 moulders and helpers in the iron foundry of William Highton & Son went out on strike yesterday because one of the brass moulders, a non-union man, was transferred to the iron department for a few days' work. It is believed that the trouble will soon be settled.

Cattle In Pitiful Plight

Denver, Dec. 26.—Thousands of cattle are reported to be starving on the range in northwestern Colorado. The cattle are snowed in on the high range without pasture and without water. It is impossible to get feed to them and equally impossible to drive them into suitable winter quarters.

Death of Archbishop Temple

London, Dec. 24.—Most Rev. Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England, who had been ill for some time past, passed away peacefully yesterday in the presence of his wife and two sons. The primate died of old age. He was born Nov. 30, 1821.

Her Life Crushed Out

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 24.—Mrs. Mary Gallagher, aged 40, was crushed between the bumpers of two freight cars while going home from her work at the Merrimac mills last night. The body was caught in such a way that it took a long time to extricate it. She leaves a family.

Globe Bank's Final Dividend

Boston, Dec. 23.—Depositors of the defunct Globe National bank received yesterday checks covering 7 percent interest on their deposits. This is the final dividend to depositors that will be made by Receiver King. In all he has paid depositors 107 percent of their deposits.

Roast Mutton Galore

Omaha, Dec. 26.—The sheep barns of the Union Stockyards company at South Omaha burned yesterday, together with 500 sheep, entailing a loss of $50,000. An effort was made to drive out the 8000 sheep, but 500 of them ran back into the fire.

Lewiston Factory Burned

Lewiston, Me., Dec. 26.—The United States Bobbin and Shuttle company's factory, a wooden building about 125 feet by 60 feet, two stories high, was totally destroyed by fire last night. The loss is estimated at $15,000, with no insurance.

No Further Investigation

North Adams, Mass., Dec. 26.—The local authorities who have been investigating the sending of poisoned candy to Mrs. C. N. Beers of this city have come to the conclusion that the case hardly warrants further investigation. The candy was so thickly covered with the poison powder that it could hardly deceive any one.

TEN SURVIVORS

Details of Sinking of Schooners Palmer and Crary.

MATE PERHAPS AT FAULT

For Collision Which Resulted in the Loss of Eleven Lives and Indescribable Suffering of Those Who Were Able to Withstand the Weather

Boston, Dec. 23.—Almost crazed from their sufferings, frostbitten and helpless, 10 men in a small boat were picked up by the schooner Manhasset on Sunday 45 miles off Highland Light. Then, for the first time, it was learned that schooners Frank A. Palmer and Louise B. Crary had been in collision and that both had sunk off Thatcher's island on Wednesday evening.

The survivors of the tragedy were landed here yesterday. Of the 21 men who made up the two crews, six were carried down when the two vessels sank. Four died during the terrible three days' drift in Massachusetts bay, while still another became insane and jumped overboard.

With no food or water, their clothes frozen in solid masses, their little boat steadily driven before a bitter gale out into the Atlantic, and their comrades dropping away one by one, it seems wonderful that so many managed to survive.

The two schooners were both fine boats and both being heavily loaded with coal were making every effort in the teeth of an adverse gale to gain Boston harbor. Each had been held back for some days in Nantucket sound by head winds, and so when late Wednesday afternoon they managed to double Cape Cod, a strong northwester had no terrors for either skipper. Sheets were flattened for the beat of 40 miles across the bay, each vessel making for a lee under the Cape Ann shore. When within 20 miles of Thatcher's island late Wednesday night the two vessels, which had been splitting tacks, came round and headed toward each other, the Crary holding north on the port tack and the Palmer south on the starboard tack and therefore having the right of way.

The survivors are inclined to lay the blame of the accident on J. E. Smith of Portland, Me., mate of the Crary, who had charge of the deck at the time and who went down with the ship.

Either he or his steersman thought that he could weather the Palmer, coming plunging along from the north, but as in other similar accidents the calculation was erroneous. The Crary, with all the weight of nearly 4000 tons of coal back of her, crashed into the bow of the Palmer. The cut was deep, and it was seen instantly that there was no hope for either vessel. Most of the small boats were smashed and some of the men killed by the collision, but others of both crews launched the longboat of the Palmer, into which clambered the captains of both vessels and 13 others. There was not a moment for storing food or water in the small boat and the rowers had propelled it only a short distance from the schooners when the Palmer went down, seven minutes after the accident. Three minutes later the Crary disappeared.

Without food and water, drenched to the skin, spray freezing to their garments because of the bitter cold, the 15 survivors underwent sufferings indescribable. Four men of the Crary succumbed, for despite the efforts of their captain to rouse them to action and prolonged life they lay down in the bow of the boat, and Friday night they died.

Eleven remained up till Saturday night, when Franz Banta went insane, and, under the delusion that his mother beckoned to him, he walked into the sea. The others were powerless to restrain him.

Shortly after this the two captains decided that the bodies of the four dead men should be consigned to the deep. They were all in the bow of the boat, and bending over them Captain Potter of the Crary repeated as much of the burial service as he could remember. Then the strongest of the survivors gently slid them overboard.

In the three days and a half that the men were afloat, their little boat drifted steadily off shore until at 8 o'clock Sunday morning it was 55 miles off Highland Light. There their sufferings were mercifully ended, for a bright seaman in the fishing schooner Manhasset caught a glimpse of the tossing rowboat and within half an hour the 10 men were in the little cabin of the schooner.

Each vessel was practically new, the Palmer being only five years old and the Crary only three years off the stocks. The Palmer was the largest four-masted schooner afloat, while the Crary was one of the modern five-masters.

Marconi's Triumph

Halifax, Dec. 22.—After eight experiments conducted with greatest secrecy, Marconi announces that he has solved the problem of wireless transoceanic communication and has successfully transmitted wireless messages from the shores of Canada to the coast of England.

Preferred Bar to Pulpit

New York, Dec. 23.—Rev. G. K. McDonald, who recently resigned the pastorate of the East Avenue Baptist church, Long Island City, and opened a liquor saloon in the Bronx, was stricken from the roll of members of the Baptist ministers' conference yesterday.

Used Knife on Brother

Malden, Mass., Dec. 26.—Edward Mahoney of Boston was arraigned here yesterday, charged with assault with intent to kill upon his brother, Timothy, at Wakefield, and was ordered to recognize in the sum of $5000 for a further hearing. Timothy has several knife wounds, two penetrating a lung.

NOT A MONEY-MAKING TRIP

Dr Lorenz Corrects Impressions Concerning Alleged Gold Fees

New York, Dec. 26.—Dr. Adolf Lorenz, who returned to this city from Boston yesterday, while discussing his visit to this country, said in an interview last night:

"There is one thing I want to say, and that is in regard to finance. I see it reputed that I have made in this country $100,000. Now, as a matter of fact, I got one fee of $50,000 in Chicago, and in the four months I have been here I have earned just $50,000. My practice at home in four months is worth that.

"True, I have seen a number of private patients in each of the cities I visited, but, as you Americans say, in no instance have they more than 'paid the freight.' As a matter of fact, it has been the physicians of the various cities who have profited by my visits. They are my colleagues, and I am glad they did, but you see I remained only two, three, four or perhaps five days. During that time I was working in the hospitals, in the clinics. The private patients began to come in, and they were operated upon by the local surgeons, who had witnessed my clinics. But I am glad I came. The trip has been the crowning success of my life. My trip here has been successful ethically, but not materially."

Dr. Lorenz spoke gratefully of the hospitality he had received at the hands of the Americans.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

As a Boston and Albany passenger train was backing out of the South terminal at Boston it collided with another train and Augustus LePrey, a brakeman on the rear car, was crushed to death.

George Miltbank, widely known in amusement circles and for many years business manager of Austin and Stone's museum at Boston, died at that city as the result of a stroke of apoplexy. He was a native of Boston.

John Benbett, aged 40, was instantly killed by a train at Somerville, Mass.

One of the brick buildings of the Vaughn Machine company's plant at Peabody, Mass., was burned, causing a loss of $25,000. The fire started from an electric wire.

Henry E. Hines, who had just begun a six months' sentence for larceny, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at the New Bedford, Mass., house of correction.

The American Bolt company, for a great many years an important industry at Lowell, Mass., will remove to Birmingham, Ala., next month.

While playing Santa Claus at a Christmas tree party at Lynn, Mass., Fred H. Weeden's cotton whiskers caught fire from a candle and he was so severely burned that he will be disfigured for life.

Charles Head, a blacksmith of South Dartmouth, Mass., was found dead in his shop with the top of his head blown off. A double-barrelled shotgun lay across his body.

Frank Savage, 13 years old, was drowned while skating at Uxbridge, Mass.

The Boston and Maine railroad will send a shipment of coke to Haverhill, Mass., for the use of its employes there. The coke will be distributed at cost price.

The Lowell and Fitchburg street railway has been granted a franchise to lay tracks through Littleton, Mass., and a forfeit of $1000 has been deposited with the town officials. The work must be finished within a year.

An 800-pound pulley broke from its shafting at the R. B. Grover shoe shop at Brockton, Mass., and went through two partitions, causing havoc amid the machinery. It will take several days to repair the damage.

Joseph Mears of Sandgate, Vt., was convicted of attempting to poison Philander Moffatt and sentenced to serve not less than 12 years at hard labor in state prison.

After 24 years of service, Rev. Edward Abbott has resigned as editor of The Literary World, published at Boston.

The Association of Massachusetts Assessors, at its 13th annual meeting, elected A. M. Parker of Worcester as president.

G. S. Dolloff & Co., clothiers, Waterville, Me., have made an assignment. Approximately the liabilities are $20,000.

General W. Greenleaf, for 20 years a deputy collector of customs at Burlington, Vt., a veteran of the Civil war and prominent in the G. A. R., died after 24 hours' illness of pneumonia. He was 50 years old.

Most of the ship builders of Bath, Me., are opposed to the McCall bill which has been introduced in congress to suspend coastwise navigation laws for a short period.

Arthur C. Hurlock, aged 6, was run over by a truck at Hartford and killed. Wilbur C. Phelps, the driver, was arrested for evading responsibility. Phelps did not attempt to stop or give any assistance to the boy after the accident.

Timothy Donovan of Boston, aged 47, died from injuries received under car wheels at Fitchburg, Mass. The police think he was walking on the tracks intending to jump on a train for Boston.

The discovery of a case of smallpox at Natick, Mass., has resulted in the ordering by the state board of health of a general vaccination there.

The New Hampshire board of railroad commissioners has granted the petition of the Boston and Maine railroad for authority to issue 10,000 shares of capital stock of the par value of $100 per share.

The comptroller of the currency has declared a dividend of 7 percent in favor of the creditors of the insolvent Pynchon National bank of Springfield, Mass.

Wandered Away From Home

Littleton, Mass., Dec. 26.—Active search has been made for S. W. Hartwell, an aged resident of this town, who wandered away from his home shortly after midnight Wednesday. Hartwell, who is 80 years old, has lived alone for some years. It is not expected that he will be found alive.

Old Colony Street Railway Co

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Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

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VITOS (Wheat Food.)

We have just received a fresh lot of goods from the Purina Mills.

RALSTON BREAKFAST FOOD,
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S. S. THOMPSON,

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HERE'S THE DIFFERENCE.

Our Clothes look high priced, but are really not, while the majority of Goods you pay more for don't show the quality, because of poor making and fitting. It's the tasteful little extras we put on Top Coats and Suits, for instance, which gives them that air of distinction and style.

$10 to $25.

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TRIMMED HAT OR TOQUE.

We have inaugurated a cut price sale. Call early and get your choice. All

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I WANT A FEW GOOD SALESMEN who call on the cigar trade throughout the New England States to introduce the

"MIEBIS" CIGARETTE

(the finest cigarette ever made).

ROBERT A. CLYTON, JR.,
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For Sale

FARM at Adamsville, R. I., containing about 45 acres, with dwelling house, large stone barn and other buildings, for sale. Apply to ABRAHAM MANCHESTER, Adamsville, R. I., or to WILLIAM P. SHEFFIELD, JR., 11-30-tf Newport, R. I.

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street. R. W. PEARCE.

THE OLD RELIABLE

SHOE STORE, 186 Thames St.

Has the most up-to-date REPAIRING & RENOVATING SHOP in the city.

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Tickets and Drafts on the Old Country For Sale.

2-8

For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st.

Enquire at the MERCURY Office.

The Fellow Who Fights Alone.

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a word of cheer,
With never a friend his help to lend,
With never a comrade near—
'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand,
And a heart not given to moan—
He struggles for life and more than life
The fellow who fights alone.

The fellow who fights the world alone
With never a father's smile,
With never a mother's kindly tone,
His sorrowful hours to guile.
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day
And battles till fight is down,
Must needs be strong for the fight is long—
The fellow who fights alone!

Ah, bitter enough the combat is,
With every help at hand,
With friends at need to bid God speed,
With spirits that understand;
But fiercer far is the fight to one,
Who struggles along unknown—
Oh, brave and grim is the heart of him,
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone!
And arm his soul with strength,
Till safely out of the battle rout,
He conquering comes at length,
Till far and near into every ear,
The fame of his fight is blown,
Till friend and foe in the victor know,
The fellow who fights alone!—N. Y. Sun.

Touring Along the Hudson.

I prepared to spend a ten days' vacation in walking up the Hudson valley. At a Broadway store, I bought a piece of heavy brown canvas. In it I wrapped a clean set of clothes and the necessary toilet articles, a half-pound of sweet chocolate, needle and thread, a guide-book of the Hudson and a novel. I bound it with a long shawl-strap and carried it on my shoulders. While walking I cut down its weight continually by mailing useless articles into town, so that finally it must have weighed only about one-quarter of the ten pounds it started with. The road-maps in the guide-book, with the designation of points of interest on them, were indispensable. I wore old clothes, felt hat and soft shirt.

A day's walk varied from eight miles on muddy roads to the twenty-one when I climbed Slide mountain, the highest of the Catskills. I walked just as the spirit led. A thunder storm, and the only bad weather I had, cut one day down to ten miles. From Saturday at 4 p. m. until the following Monday week at 1 p. m., I had walked about one hundred and fifty miles, averaging seventeen a day.

Dogs I met by the hundreds—cowardly little ones that made tremendous rackets from the stoops, big black curs that threatened to take bites out of me, and friendly, playful collies, who greeted me like old friends. I met men who wanted to know what I was selling, and if I was looking for work, until I got into the Catskill, where they knew me and my kind.

I had many offers to ride, and learned to accept them, because they were honors which it was an insult to refuse. The men who gave the lifts were fountains of local information, and a good listener was a rare treat for them.

My few discomforts, and I do not deny that I had some, quickly melted away and were forgotten in the manifold pleasures and interests and natural beauties of the tour. I saw such places of literary association as the estates of E. P. Roe and N. P. Willis at Cornwall, of John Burroughs at West Park, and the legendary house of Rip Van Winkle, and of historical interest, such as Washington's headquarters in Newburgh, and the spots at West Point. I read every tablet I came to. I soon learned the truth of the statement which nature-lovers make, that the only right way to see nature is a-foot. She is nearest you then. There are colors and views and skies and outlines not to be seen otherwise.

From the top of South Beacon Hill in the Fishkills, I discovered a wonderful panorama one superbly clear day. I was above everything, with an unbroken horizon circling around me. To the east lay the Connecticut valley, to the south the Hudson breaking through the Highlands, to the northwest the gray, blue Catskills; and in the north the Berkshires crouched low and blue, and were overhung with a bank of brilliantly white clouds. I watched a glorious sunset. The river below reflected the paling colors, until it settled into a dull steel color, broken only by the duck-like V's of tiny, noiseless steamers.

New York city never once entered my thoughts from the time I left it to the time I went on the ferry at Weehawken. Then I counted my change. The entire trip had cost me but nineteen dollars.—J. T. Thorndike, in Country Life in America.

That Embarrassing Moment.

The milliner's shop is the scene of many humorous incidents. The one that occurred the other day, however, in one of those feminine establishments might have ended anything but humorously. A lady was choosing a hat with the usual uncertainty of mind as to the kind of hat she wanted, or whether, indeed, she wanted a hat at all, when, after trying on nearly every model in the shop, she pounced with glee on one she had overlooked. "Now, this is something like!" she said. "Why did you not show me this before?" Without waiting for an answer, she appealed to her patient friend. "There's some style about this, isn't there? How do I look?" The friend distinctly sniffed. "It makes you look a hundred and it's very dowdy," she said. The other tried the hat at another angle. "It is rather dowdy," she admitted, "perhaps I won't risk it after all." A voice from behind her made its third attempt to gain a hearing. "If you're quite done with my hat," it said, very bitterly, "I should like to put it on."—London Daily Chronicle.

A merchant in Chestnut street has become fond of an office boy he engaged last June, says the Philadelphia Times. The boy entered early in the morning, when the merchant was reading the paper. The latter glanced up and went on reading without speaking. After three minutes the boy said:

"Excuse me—but I am in a hurry."

"What do you want?" he was asked.

"A job."

"You do? Well," snorted the man of business, "why are you in such a hurry?"

"Got to hurry," replied the boy. "Left school yesterday to go to work, and haven't struck anything yet. I can't waste time. If you've got nothing for me to do say so, and I'll look elsewhere. The only place I can stop long is where they pay me for it."

"When can you come?" asked the surprised merchant.

"Don't have to come," he was told. "I'm here now and would have been to work before this if you had said so."

Slow Going.

Clara—What an easy going person that Mr. Littlebrayne is.

Agnes—Easy going? I never found him so. It's always the hardest kind of work to get him to go before midnight.—Record-Herald.

How a New York Detective Talks.

"Say, that was a great arrest we pulled off last night," he says to you. Most likely you don't know that he has been detailed to make any arrest whatever. "We went in," he continues, "and bought a drink yesterday" (Sunday) "afternoon, and when we had paid for it I handed the barkeeper a warrant for his arrest and said: 'Here is a little piece of paper I want to give you.' When he had got all that was coming to him in the way of information, he said: 'Say, boys, just wait will you till I send upstairs for Charlie to take my place;' and we said, 'Sure, we are not in any hurry; we are doing our best to be polite.' When Charlie came in the barkeeper said, 'Take off your coat, Charlie, and get behind the bar; I have been pinched.' And we said, 'Hold on a minute, Charlie, you need not take off your coat—here is a little piece of paper for you, too.' We wanted Charlie. A more disgusted pair of men you ever saw. Then they said they would send for Joe, and when Joe came they asked him to take off his coat and go behind the bar. Joe was the last of the three men we wanted. We said he needn't take the trouble to take off his coat, we had a piece of paper for him, too. All three challenged us to give Joe's last name. We didn't know Joe's last name, but we said: 'That's all right, his name is John Doe,' and we handed him a warrant made out for John Doe. They were so stampeded they wouldn't take a chance on getting another of their pals to look after the bar, and they sent for a shoemaker in a cellar next door."—Alfred Hodder in the World's Work.

More Material.

Mr. Newlwed—I tell you, dear, I simply can't afford to get you a new gown.

Mrs. Newlwed (sobbing)—I think you're just hateful, and you're the man who used to call me your "angel" and promise me every—

Mr. Newlwed—But it's your own fault if I don't consider you an angel any more. An angel wouldn't worry about clothes the way you do.—Philadelphia Press.

Satirical.

"Did you know," said the young man who tried to pose as a handy volume of information, "that there was a time when it was considered a crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday?"

"Indeed!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "And now there are a number of instances in which it would probably be looked on more as a penance."—Washington Star.

What a Privilege.

"Janette, I'm afraid you are a vain little wife. You gaze into your mirror so much."

"You ought not to blame me for that. I haven't your advantage."

"What's that?"

"You can see my face without looking into a mirror."—Stray Stories.

Medical Advice.

The Doctor—My dear madam you are moping to much. You should look about you and marry again.

The Patient—Oh, doctor, is—is this a proposal?

The Doctor—Allow me to remind you, madam, that the doctor prescribes medicine—but he doesn't take it.—Pick Me Up.

A Choker.

"I don't see, after his disgraceful embezzlement from the bank, how young Spriggsly can hold his head up in society," said the man who lives next door.

"You don't!" put in the man who lives next door; "why, he can't help it; look at that collar."—Baltimore News.

Superfluous.

Uncle George—Look at the bee; who improves each shining hour.

Thriftless Nephew—That's all the bee's good for. If it amounted to anything it would improve some of the cloudy hours. The shining hours don't need improving.—Boston Transcript.

She Made Him.

Mrs. Tower—Frankly, John Tower I think you are the meanest man I ever met.

Mr. Tower—I wouldn't say that, Gusty; you know you've said hundreds of times that you have been the making of me.—Boston Transcript.

The Worried Housewife.

Husband. What have you been looking so blue about all day, my dear?

Wife. I'm afraid our hired girl won't approve of our new washerwoman.—Boston Post.

Not Niggardly.

"You asked her father for her hand?"

"Yes."

"And he refused you?"

"No, he didn't. He said I could have both of 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She's Married.

Caller—Is Mrs. Maltrooney in?

Bridget—She is that, sor.

Caller—Is she engaged?

Bridget—Engaged, indeed—she's married, sor.—Ally Sloper.

Run down by a Car.

Jones—I suppose you are a married man, Smith?

Smith (heavily bandaged)—Oh, no I was run down by a car and got this.—The Moon.

"It's almost impossible, dear, to lease a house for a shorter term than one year, nowadays," he said "so, to protect myself, I must ask you ——"

"Ask me what?" interrupted his bride-to-be.

"To agree not to seek a divorce until the expiration of the first year's lease."—Catholic Standard and Times.

First Automobile Girl—You don't seem much put out by your automobile breaking down.

Second Automobile Girl—No; I am always so nervous expecting it to break down that I am actually relieved when it does.

He Had Just Dealt.

A well-known minister on the North Side tells the following story, which he vouches for as truth. In one of the churches of which he was pastor during the earlier part of his career there was a good old deacon. He was a devoted church member and active worker, but he was not averse to a good game of cards now and then. He had another habit, which generally is deemed only of the funny man's making, and that was sleeping in church.

There was an unusual crowd at prayer meeting one night, and the deacon and his good wife were of the number of course. After the talk on the topics of the evening the minister glanced down into the gathering and said:

"Will Deacon Blank please lead us in prayer?"

Deacon Blank had fallen asleep and slumbered peacefully on.

Greatly embarrassed, the deacon's wife nudged him and said:

"Father, it's your time to lead."

"What's that?" said the old deacon, starting from his nap. "No, it ain't either, for I just dealt."

The minister broke the silence which followed by leading in prayer himself.

An amusing and characteristic story is told of Lord Beaconsfield in the days when he was wooing Mrs. Lewis, to whom in later years of married life he was so touchingly devoted. One day Mrs. Lewis, who was then living in retirement at her seat in Glamorganshire, saw a gentleman walking leisurely up the drive. "Jane," she exclaimed to an old servant, "I really believe that horrid man, Disraeli, is coming up the drive. Do, please, run to the door and say I'm not at home." Jane opened the door to the undesired caller and gravely announced her message. "I know," Disraeli coolly answered, "but take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait until Mrs. Lewis is ready to come down stairs," which, of course, Mrs. Lewis felt compelled to do a few minutes later. "Oh, dear, what can I do with such an obstinate, thick-skinned man?" the widow asked desperately later in the day, when Disraeli showed no signs of raising the siege. "Marry him, I suppose, ma'am," was Jane's philosophic answer; and as the world knows, tho' persistent wooer had his way in the end in this as in most other things in life.

Home Discomforts.

"No," grumbled the husband in a spasm of confidence, to a friend, "I have no place at all for my books. The storage room is kept exclusively for my wife."

"And what does she do with it?"

"Oh, she puts away those things that are a trifle too good to be destroyed, yet scarcely good enough to be of use."—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Pingey—I don't see how you can manage to go to church three times on Sunday.

Mrs. Bland—I do it simply by doing no work of any kind on the Sabbath. I think it is positively wicked for women to stay home and cook dinners for their husbands on Sunday.

Mrs. Pingey—I suppose, then, you have a cold lunch at noon?

Mrs. Bland—Oh, dear, no. I always take dinner at Mr. Bland's sister's. She's a splendid cook, and she always tries to do her best on Sundays.—Boston Transcript.

Sagacious Bird.

Mexico has a clever bird, called the melanarpes, which has discovered a use for the telegraph pole. At the foot of the post this bird makes a large hole, in which it rears its family. Somewhat higher up the post it makes an observatory, from which bored holes permit it to observe the horizon in every direction. Still higher this sagacious bird makes its storehouse, and thus the pole serves as its home, fortress and warehouse.

Instinct of the Mudfish.

The remarkable instinct of the mudfish to roll himself in a ball of mud when the dry season approaches is a wonderful provision of nature intended solely, it would seem, to prevent the extinction of the species. The most interesting fact about this fish is that it breathes my means of its gills when in its native element and by means of lungs during its voluntary imprisonment in the mud cocoon.

Changed View.

"He's dreadfully disagreeable and boorish."

"Tut, tut, my dear. He used to be, but he is no longer."

"How is that?"

"Why, since he has become famous we have decided to consider him only delightfully eccentric and original."—Chicago Post.

Relative Importance.

"And you really think that the political boss of your party is a greater man than Henry Clay?"

"Well," answered the candidate, "I won't exactly say he's greater, but he has a great deal more influence with the people with whom I am doing business at present."—Washington Star.

Put the Paint on Himself.

The Plasterer—I thought you were working on old Kay's new house?

The Painter—So I was, but we had a row, an' he said he'd put the rest of the paint on himself.

The Plasterer—And did he?

The Painter—Yes; at least that's where he put most of it.

E is the most common letter. In 1,000 letters e occurs 137 times in English, 184 times in French, 145 in Spanish, 178 in German.

Most people put in a lifetime planning for some great pleasure and die before they get around to it.—Atchison Globe.

His Bluff Won.

"Thought your dad wasn't going to send you back to college?"

"Yes, dad did kick at the expense, but I threatened to stay at home and help him run the business, and he decided college would be cheaper."—Detroit Free Press.

A Substitute.

Judge—Of course I might let you off, Casey, if you had an alibi.

Casey—Shure, yer honor, Oi haven't wan about me, but here's me lasth quarter if that'll timpt ye.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Origin of the Jinrikisha.

Most travelers in Japan would suppose that so general a Japanese institution as the jinrikisha was of native origin, but not so. An old resident of Yokohama writes to the Kobe Chronicle: "For several years after the institution of the jinrikisha it was generally understood among foreigners in Yokohama that Mr. Goble, 'half cobbler, half missionary,' was its inventor. Mr. Goble, though a rough looking sort of man, was regarded by the foreign residents of the port as an honest, consistent missionary. I believe it was he who built the first missionary chapel in Yokohama, and as long as it lasted it was known as 'Goble's church.' He was in the habit of taking long rambles in the country and doing a little peddling business, and, if my memory serves me rightly, he gave a commission to a blacksmith either in Kawasaki (on the Tokaido, between Yokohama and Tokyo) or in Fujisawa to construct the first jinrikisha. The vehicle took at once with the Japanese, but not so among the foreigners, with whom it was some time before it became a popular means of locomotion. Mr. Goble was an American citizen."

Taking Him at His Word.

Joseph Jefferson in his biography relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward. When the famous wit lay dying in Southampton, he was attended by his devoted friend Tom Robertson, the author of "Caste," who was also a friend of Jefferson.

"Just before Ward's death," writes Mr. Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend.

"Ward said:

"'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff.'

"'Come, come,' said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug. 'There's a good fellow. Do, now, for my sake. You know I would do anything for you.'

"'Would you?' said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time.

"'I would indeed,' said Robertson.

"'Then you take it,' said Ward.

"The humorist passed away a few hours later."

Napoleon Got His Spanking.

During his exile at Elba Napoleon related that one day his mother's mother was hobbling along the street in Ajaccio, Corsica, and that he and his sister Pauline followed the old lady and mimicked her. Their grandmother, happening to turn, caught them in the act. She complained to Mme. Letitia. Pauline was at once "spanked" and disposed of. Napoleon, who was out in regimentals, could not be handled. His mother bided her time. Next day, when her son was off his guard, she cried: "Quick, Napoleon! You are invited to dine with the governor!" He ran up to his room to change his clothing. She quietly followed and when she judged that the proper time had come rushed into the room, seized her undressed hero before he guessed her purpose, laid him across the maternal knee and belabored him earnestly with the flat of her hand.

Ancient Skyscrapers.

Numerous conflicting estimates have been made of the height of the tower of Babel, but one fact never has been denied and that is that it was a skyscraper. St. Jerome in his commentary on Isaiah says that the tower was already 4,000 paces high when God came down to stop the work. A pace is about two and one-half feet; therefore 4,000 paces must be 10,000 feet; consequently Babel was twenty times as high as the pyramids (which are only about 500 feet). Father Calmet says the tower was 81,000 feet high and that the languages were confounded because the architects were confounded, as they did not know how to bring the building to a head. Moreover, it is understood that the Chinese language of today was originally the same language as the high German.

A Pretty Custom.

South American lovers have a pretty custom. It is well known that when the petals of the great laurel magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the lover, who pulls a magnolia flower and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water, and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes visible.

A Coincidence.

"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you know how much his salary is?"

"No; but it's an awfully strange coincidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Herbert asked the very same question about you."

The Baby and the Pastor.

Father of the Pastor (after the sermon)—How Horace has changed since he was a baby!

The Mother—What an idea! Of course he has changed.

Father—What I mean is that when he was a baby he used to keep me awake.—Boston Transcript.

Beyond Him.

Uncle Josh (at the theater)—Be gosh durned! Ef they calls this yer blood 'n' thunder stuff mellow drama, what in sufferin' bayricks do they think is real ripe stuff?—Town and Country.

A Mean Thrust.

Nance—Jack Morton proposes in this letter. I wonder if he really loves me. He has only known me a week.

The Brother—Oh, then, perhaps he does.

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ON and after Nov. 8, 1902, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, TERMINAL STATION, week days, 6.54, 8.12, 9.08, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.15, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. Return 6.41, 8.44, 10.54 a. m., 12.54, 2.54, 3.54, 4.54, a6.05, 6.54 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 6.54, 9.08, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 6.54, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 5.00, b9.13 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6.54, 8.13, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.13, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 8.13, 11.00 a m., 3.13 p. m. HYANNIS, 8.13, 11.00 a. m., 3.13 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 3.13 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.00 a. m., 3.13 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 8.13, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.13, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Northern Division, 8.13, 11.00 a. m., 3.13, 9.13 p. m. LOWELL, 11.00 a. m. and 3.13 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 11.00 a. m. PROVIDENCE, 6.54, 8.13, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.13, 5.00, 9.13 p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.08, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.54 a. m., 12.54, 4.28 p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.08, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.08, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, b9.13 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.08, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. New Bedford, 7.08, 11.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

a Boat from Fall River.

b Bradford only.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt, Boston.

C. PETER CLARK, Gen'l Sup't., Boston.

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Leave

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	*10 00	*1 15	*1 05	*7 50
Providence, ar	11 50	3 18	5 50	9 50
Boston, ar	1 18	4 30	7 00	11 00
New York	4 20	6 58	11 00	B
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New York	*12 02	*5 00	*10 02	*1 02
Boston	—	10 00	1 00	8 00
Prov.	—	11 12	2 10	4 10
Newp't arr	8 35	1 00	4 00	6 00
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily except Sundays.

BWashington Express due Harlem River Station, New York, 1.50 a. m.; Philadelphia, 6.10 a. m.; Baltimore, 9.20 a. m.; Washington, 10.32 a. m.

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"Newport & Fall River Division."

TIME TABLE.

In effect on and after October 20.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE NEWPORT—7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, b6.45, 7.15, b7.45, 8.15, 9.15, b10.15, b11.15 p.m.

LEAVE FALL RIVER—a6.30, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, b7.15, 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, b10.45 p. m.

SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

Leave Newport—7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, b10.15, b10.45, b11.15 p.m.

Leave Fall River—7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, b10.15, b10.45, b11.15 p. m.

a To Portsmouth and return.

b To Portsmouth only.

Running time between City Hall, Fall River, and Market Square, Providence, via the new highway trolley line is one hour and twenty minutes. Connection is made at City Hall, Fall River.

Farmers & Gardeners Attention!

GARDEN SEED.

The large increase from year to year in this department has proven that the

H. C. ANTHONY'S SEEDS.

are reliable. They have been tested and have proven first quality in every respect. This talk about local grown seed not being good has been worn thread bare. Some kinds of seeds grown on this Island are of the very best, but all kinds of seeds that are planted to raise seeds from, cannot be raised successfully in one locality. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Anthony's seeds are of the best. What seeds our soil is adapted to are raised here; the others are raised by him in other localities.

None are better.

For sale by

Fernando Barker,

BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

Nasal CATARRH

CATARRH. In all its stages.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

COLD IN HEAD

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

A girl doesn't mind being caught out in the storm if she has a rain beau.

Do your CHILDREN ask QUESTIONS?

Of course they do. It is their way of learning and it is your duty to answer. You may need a dictionary to aid you. It won't answer every question, but there are thousands to which it will give you true, clear and definite answers, not about words only, but about things, the sun, machinery, men, places, stories and the like. Then, too, the children can find their own answers. Some of our greatest men have ascribed their power to study of the dictionary.

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Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

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Telephone 31-2.

The Mountains.

BY J. W. [illegible],

The mountains, O the mountains! I have seen
Beneath a rising curtain of the clouds,
Their shining slopes and summits far away,
When burnished by the finger of the morn;
And they were beautiful—so bright and still,
It seemed a fringe of Summer thunder clouds
Were frozen into everlasting snow.

The mountains, O the mountains! How they lift
Their faces unto heaven, as in prayer!
They stand as the mute choristers of God,
They are the symbols of eternity.
They point like fingers to the Infinite,
Forever upward, piercing through the storm,
Or glowing with the glory of the dawn.

The mountains, O the mountains! They are kings
That reign in silent majesty, their crowns
The azure blue and diadems of snow;
Or they are Titans of the days of old;
Or children of the earthquake; or they are
The wrinkles on the forehead of the world—
The records of a planet's agony.

The mountains, O the mountains! I would live
Forever in their shadows. I would see
Their beauty daily; watch them every morn
Grow golden from the yet unrisen sun;
Or trace their ribbon streamlets winding down
Into the valleys; or would note their speech—
A silent language like that of the stars.

The mountains, O the mountains! How they shine
Above the petty littleness of man!
For they are ever constant and sublime;
And man beside them is a paltry thing,
Who frets the world a moment and is gone;
While they remain through all the centuries,
As glorious as on their primal day.

Literary Notes.

The World's Work.

The first World's Work of the New Year contains a wide variety of subjects written about in the concise, optimistic manner which is characteristic of this magazine. Perhaps the most important article is Mr. Robert H. Montgomery's story of the American invasion of Canada, illustrated with many striking pictures and portraits. Mr. Lewis Nixon's prophecies of the "Battleship of the Future" and Mr. Mosely's views of American industrial conditions as he has seen them during his recent trip through this country are also very important. Morgan Robertson's article concerning modern methods of saving wrecked ships is finely illustrated, as are Hamilton Higday's story of a Day's Work at a Military Post and the Biography of an Office Building told by Arthur Goodrich. The results of the study of American labor by the Mosely Commission can be gained from an article by M. G. Cunniff, who accompanied and interviewed the Mosely party during its trip. Alfred Hodder, who is William Travers Jerome's secretary, writes about the work of the New York District Attorney. Wolf von Schierbrand describes difficulties under which Russian newspapers are published. Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., tells the dramatic and pathetic story General Toral, the man who failed at Santiago; Franklin Matthews writes of New Hartford, Conn., "A Town made Idle by a Trust," and Prof. Frederick Ogg furnishes some interesting facts about urban and rural population. There is an important series of statistics about American manufactures, a sketch of the late Herr Krupp and an editorial article about the Individual Responsibility for Panics, besides the usual March of Events Among the World's Workers, and some letters from well-known authors, about recent book they have read.

Country Life in America.

Country Life in America for January stands first among the large and beautiful magazines of the month. It has to do with many things that interest the country lover at this season, and leading articles are about "Crocodile and Alligator Hunting," "Following the Hounds," "Camping in the Snow," as well as timely matters of the greenhouse and country home-making, all illustrated with large and superb pictures. It is not generally known that the Old World crocodile lives in the cypress swamps with the alligators, yet harpooning them in Flordia lakes is a thrilling sport. One of the fox-hunting articles includes a remarkable photograph of a horse and rider making a high leap, besides various pictures of the hunt. "Camping in the Snow" in the North Woods, the thermometer twenty below, seems an outing only for the enthusiast, yet A. Radclyffe Dugmore finds it attractive and his story with the pictures shows the alluring side of life in the woods during the dead of winter. Among other leading features, "The Cook Estate at Lenox" shows one of the pleasantest of the luxurious homes in the Berkshires, as seen by Mr. Wilhelm Miller; a practical article deals with problems of windows in the country home, and, a series of articles are about greenhouses that were really built and were successful with different sorts of flowers discussed in a practical and suggestive way; while Prof. L. H. Bailey finds "The Real Apple, and Where to Find It" a subject to interest the city man. "The Calender" touches upon all sides of outdoor life, including the usual practical affairs, and suggests walking-tours, rabbit-hunting with beagles, and finding birds' nests, cocoons, many birds and animals, and even flowers during a January thaw. Small but complete articles are about growing winter flowers at small cost, inexpensive iceboats, making skate-sails, crabbing, and a hundred other things for winter and summer. Altogether, the magazine contains many surprises for the month of January and nothing more beautiful has ever been printed.

The Young Lady's Story.

There is a lack of humor that is humorous, according to ex-Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota. An instance of it occurred at a little informal society affair which the ex-Senator attended in Washington.

"Conundrums got to going around," said the Senator, "and I could only think of one, which I used with apologies. It was: "What's the difference between a man going outdoors in the winter and a dog?' The answer is, a man put on an overcoat and the dog pants.

"Everybody politely laughed. But a man's sins do follow him. A few nights afterward I was at a dinner where one of the guests was a young woman who had heard me propound my conundrum. She remember it and told it, crediting me with the ownership of 'the clever thing.' No one guessed it. In glee at the privilege, the young woman announced the answer.

"'Why the man puts on an overcoat and the dog trousers.' Everybody was puzzled. I leaned over and whispered to the young woman, setting her right.

"'Oh, yes, I forgot,' she said. 'It's pantaloons instead of trousers!'"

Same old Story.

Mistress—What wages do you generally receive?

Applicant—Sure, mum, an' I've never stayed long enough to find out.

Building an Office Building.

All this grim, noisy effective activity was under the control of a workman who had risen from the ranks. Some Italians were here carrying hods for him who had worked beside him years before. He knew the plans of the construction to a detail, but rather as a man who follows than one who creates. It was his duty merely to direct the distribution of material so that it would be easiest at hand, and to get the work done. To him delays were fatal; speed and care the end of existence. Once when the framework stood ready for the wall which was to close it in, he found that the brick and stone for the walls of the lower stories had not been delivered. He reported his difficulty to the engineers.

"You have the material for the upper floor walls?" they asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Then finish those first."

And so he set his men at work building apparently from the top downward, for in these steel buildings the framework carries the entire load, the brick and stone merely close in the building and decorate its exterior, and each floor carries its own load. Thus the subordinate officer carried out the mechanical plan quietly. He overheard one of the younger workmen answer questions from a bystander with a blank "I don't know." And he promoted the boy because, as he told him, "If you don't tell what you don't know to people who know it all, there isn't any time lost." But he led his men vigorously, holding his subordinates strictly to account for the men under them, and getting the work completed within the specified time.

But back of them all were the men who created the plan. To them each story was a duplicate of one they had already constructed on paper. The army of workmen were merely assembling the parts they had formed. Each shaft of steel was located by its number and the upper or right end was marked so that only stupidity would turn it end for end. An engineer, inspecting the work one day, pointed to a few out of a hundred beams that lay ready to be hoisted into place, which were all exactly alike, and said quickly:

"What are those doing here? They go in the fourth story of the Windsor building."

And at another time, as he casually passed the structure and looked up at the ninth story, he called out to the superintendent that one of the small girders at that height was wrongly set. He knew, because that girder did not coincide with the visualization of the building he had had before his mind for months.—Arthur Goodrich in The World's Work.

A Flower in the Hair.

One long discarded custom is being brought into favor—that of wearing a flower in the hair. Had woman realized to what an extent the pretty custom was admired and even loved by the majority of the opposite sex it never would have fraternized with the spinning wheel, the blue dishes and the lace mits in the dim and cobwebbed garret of things past.

To man, and that man a sweetheart, this little art, for such it is, of putting a flower in the hair is a signal to all the sensitive sentiment within him. If you doubt this, look to the voicings of the poets. There you will find holding sway and running riot as roses on an old wall such phrases as "a blossom in her tresses," "a flower to bewitch me in her hair" and "that rose above her ear was my undoing."

Whether the hair be black or brown, red or gold, the charm of primeval femininity remains the same.

Good Return for Sixpence.

A Hartlepoole dealer in second-hand furniture recently bought an old print in a dirty frame for threepence, which he sold to a widow for sixpence. When she reached home she started to take out the backboards to clean it thoroughly and was very much surprised when out dropped seventeen Bank of England notes for five pounds each, making a total find of 85 pounds. Of course she told the neighbors, who spread the news until it reached the ears of the dealer, who raised an action in the county court for recovery of the money, but of course lost his case.—London Globe.

Strategy.

Mrs. Homer—How do you manage to get your carpets so clean! Do you hire a professional carpet beater?

Mrs. Neighbor—No; my husband beats them, and I always do something to make him angry just before he begins the job.—Chicago News.

He Enjoyed It.

"Don't you think that young man is afflicted with a swelled head?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "he's not afflicted with it; he enjoys it."—Washington Star.

"I never hear laziness discussed," said Frederick Kost, the artist, as reported in the New York Times, "but I think of old man Crawford, who used to keep an inn down on South Beach when the place was practically a wilderness, and a lot of us fellows were in the habit of running down there to sketch. He was without doubt the fellow most utterly devoid of energy it is possible to imagine. He wouldn't have breathed if he could have helped it. One of his sons who had settled in New York, sent him two dachshund pups. I remember how Crawford would sit sunning himself on his porch the whole day, with one of these dogs, like animated sausages, on either side of him. They were always by him, one to the left, the other to the right of his chair when they were at rest. One day as I sat talking to him, the dogs were romping in the house, Crawford turned and called: 'Here, Cocoa, Cocoa!' and the dachshunds came trotting out.

"'What are their names, Crawford?' I asked, thinking I had misunderstood.

"'Cocoa,' replied Crawford.

"'But their are two,' I reminded him.

"'One does for both,' replied the old man. 'They're always together—come an I go at the same time. And, anyhow, I'm not going to worry myself into a decline by thinking up dogs' names.'"

There are 6,726,779 bachelors of twenty-one or over in the United States and 2,500,000 more single men of that age or above. Not a state in New England, even, according to these figures of the last census, but have more bachelors than spinsters. The banner state for bachelors and for the "she" who would marry is Wyoming, which has 20,923 to 2,317 spinsters.

A Christmas Gift.

He felt obliged to make some kind of a present to the young woman, but being very avaricious, he did not want to spend any money, and he was puzzled what to do, when suddenly as he walking along the street he saw a handsome vase fall as a clerk was about to place it in the window. At once he entered the store and asked:

"How much do you want for that broken vase?"

"What, for those pieces on the floor?" cried the storekeeper in surprise. "Why, you can have them for a quarter. They're no use, for they can't be put together again."

"I don't care," answered the avaricious man. "I'll give you a quarter for them and a dime extra if you'll make a package of them and send them to this lady's address."

The storekeeper promised to do so, and the avaricious man went home, overjoyed at the thought that he had made such a good bargain, for he said to himself: "When she receives the vase she'll naturally conclude that it was broken during the journey."

He was mistaken, however, for the storekeeper wrapped each piece of the vase in a separate piece of paper. The donor heard of his blunder through the young lady's maid, for the young lady herself has not spoken to him since the shattered vase reached her.

Not Quite Landed.

Miss Ascum—Wasn't that Mr. Bonds I saw you walking with last evening?

Miss Coy—Yes.

Miss Ascum—He's a landed free-holder of the county, isn't he?

Miss Coy (blushing)—Well-er-he isn't quite landed yet.—Philadelphia Press.

Wouldn't Like to Offend.

The Suburbanite—Don't you think we ought to return some of these things we've borrowed.

His wife—Well, I wouldn't like to offend the peeple who own them. They might consider it a hint that we want our things back.—Puck.

Exclusive.

Prospective Cook—I couldn't live in a flat ma'am.

Head of the Family—Why not?

Prospective Cook—I wouldn't care to be on the same floor with the family.

What Doughnut Is.

"A doughnut, children," said the practical teacher of digestive economics, "is a round hole in the center of a compound mixture of dyspepsia."—Baltimore News.

I'll—catch—that—street—car; he gasps, or die!

Faster goes the street car. Faster goes the man.

He overturns fruit stands and aged blind men in his wild career. He knocks down children and tramples upon them. But onward he rushes. He collides with a baby carriage. The baby is knocked into the street. The mother of the child picks it up. She points a finger at the disappearing man. "Murderer?" she hisses through her clinched teeth.

He draws nearer to the car. Nearer yet.

He reaches out his hand.

He touches the rail on the rear platform.

He gives one last convulsive effort.

He is on the car.

He sinks breathlessly into a seat and mops his brow. The conductor touches him on the shoulder.

"Git offen here," he says, "we're a-goin' to the barn. No more cars to-night."—Toronto News.

"We treat our cook just like one of the family," said Mrs. Gilfoyle.

"We don't," added Mrs. Poindexter. "We don't dare. We are polite to our cook."

Patron—When was this chicken killed?

Waiter—We don't furnish dates with chickens, sir. Only bread and butter.—Pittsburg Press.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

A crow is not a pretty bird,
Yet he's all right, because
He never quarrels with his fate
Or fortune, without caws.
—N. Y. Herald.

Exposure to a sudden climatic change produces cold in the head and catarrh is apt to follow. Provided with Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh. Price 50 cents at Druggists or Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York, will mail it. The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation, cleanses and cures. Cream Balm quickly cures the cold.

The New York Central Twentieth Century express recently made the 147 mile run from Syracuse to Albany in 129 minutes.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest. Try them.

The railroad companies in the northwest which handle ore are increasing their stock facilities.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Crepe de chine grows constantly in favor for evening wear.

Mrs. Charles Smith of Jimes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

Transparent collars are still worn with fancy waists and evening toilets.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and has cold hands and feet, cannot feel or act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

Women's Dep't.

Freedom For Women.

BY REV. W. H. MORGAN.

It used to be declared that woman was mentally and physically inferior; that her office was exclusively in the home; that she would ruin the beauty of her sex by entering man's realm; that nature had set woman her bounds, which she must not pass; and that her position from the beginning proved the will of God regarding her.

It always amazes me that such views could have prevailed and that they linger to this day. Men used them in regard to slavery; they used them in regard to the civil rights of the common citizens; they have used them about every social abuse in the ages gone. Wherever any one or any body of people were in subjection, there the folks on top declared; "You are not fit to rule yourselves. You are down and that proves that God meant you to be down. You are better off than if you were free."

I do not ask, should women do this or that? It is wise for them to risk that or this, like men? I simply insist upon freedom for each life. Don't restrain it; don't forbid it; let it have liberty; and then being unhindered it must learn for itself what it can do and cannot do. Let it make mistakes; let it be silly or wise, strong or feeble, capable or incapable—all that is its own affair for weal or woe. But there is the essential truth—take care that we leave it free. Take care that we do not lay a force upon it, which is cruel and false. Give it perfect liberty to be its best self. We have no right to limit; no right to build fences; no right to thrust any creature in a cage and bid it smile and be content. Liberty and then experience, those two.

Thomas B. Reed on Woman Suffrage.

The recent death of Thomas B. Reed recalls to mind his minority report in 1884 of the House Judiciary Committee in favor of a sixteenth amendment enfranchising the women of the United States. This report was signed by Thomas B. Reed, Maine; Ezra B. Taylor, Ohio; Thomas M. Browne, Indiana; Moses A. McCoid, Iowa, and was the keenest, clearest exposition of the absurdity of the objections against woman suffrage that has ever been made and says in part:

"No reason on earth can be given by those who claim suffrage as a right of manhood which does not make it a right of womanhood also. If the suffrage is to be given man to protect him in his life, liberty and property, the same reasons urge that it be given to woman, for she has the same life, liberty and property to protect. If it be urged that her interests are so bound up in those of man that they are sure to be protected, the answer is that the same argument was urged as to the merging in the husband of the wife's right of property, and was pronounced by the judgment of mankind fallacious in practice and in principle. If the natures of men and women are so alike that for this reason no harm is done by suppressing women, what harm can be done by elevating them to equality? If the natures be different, what right can there be in refusing representation to those who might take juster views about many social and political questions?

"It is sometimes asserted that women now have a great influence in politics through their husbands and brothers. This is undoubtedly true. But that is just the kind of influence which is not wholesome for the community, for it is influence unaccompanied by responsibility. People are always ready to recommend to others what they would not do themselves. If it be true that women cannot be prevented from exercising political influence, is not this only another reason why they should be steadied in their political action by that proper sense of responsibilty which comes from acting themselves?

"We conclude then that every reason which in this country bestows the ballot upon man is equally applicable to the proposition to bestow the ballot upon woman, that in our judgment there is no foundation for the fear that women will thereby become unfitted for all the duties she has hitherto performed."

A Valuable Patriotic Service.

Buffalo Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has for several years conducted an interesting scheme of extension work under the name of the foreign lecture course. The plan was started by Mrs. Mary Norton Thompson, founder and first regent of the Buffalo Chapter.

In Buffalo there are about 75,000 Poles and 20,000 Italians. Their children learn American history in the public schools, but the parents would never gain any adequate knowledge of this country, its laws and institutions, without some special means of instruction.

In 1897 the Buffalo Chapter determined for its patriotic work to give to the adult Poles and Italians free courses of illustrated lectures on American history, each course to consist of six lectures, to be written by members of the Chapter and translated into Polish and Italian.

Three hundred dollars was appropriated for the purpose, $25 an evening being allowed for the expenses of translating, delivery by an Italian or Pole, and the use of the stereopticon.

The first course was delivered in 1898, and proved so successful that before the end of the season the State Regent had written for information regarding it. Other chapters also made inquiries prior to arranging for similar courses in their own cities. The subjects of the lectures ranged from the discovery and the Colonial period to the Revolution, the making of the Constitution, the Civil War and reconstruction.

The Chapter had the co-operation of the Superintendent of Education, who offered the free use of the public school buildings in the Polish and Italian quarters. As for the people for whom the lecture were given, they were delighted, and crowded the halls. Four courses were given the second winter. This year interest is still unabated.

If woman know enough to teach American history to voters, may they not know enough to vote themselves?

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The state of New Jersey has appropriated $50,000 for site and buildings for a tuberculosis sanitarium.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

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Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902.

NOTES.

Concerning the Peckhams.

BY S. F. PECKHAM.

Nathaniel O. Peckham of South Kingstown once remarked that the Peckhams are "a very honorable and irascible set of men." The late Thomas C. Peckham, of Coventry, after an extended trip across the country to the Pacific Coast, said on his return, that he had met "a good many Peckhams and didn't find any in State's prison nor any fools."

From a very wide acquaintance and extended correspondence in the family, I conclude that both these gentlemen spoke from accurate knowledge.

The first Peckham of whom I have found any mention is Robert Peckham, Chaplain to Henry I of England, who died A. D. 1127.

The next and most illustrious of the name is John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, from 1279 to 1292. He was born in 1240. While still a youth he was sent to Paris, where he studied under St. Bonaventura, "Doctor Seraphicus," who held a theological professorship from 1253 to 1256. At Oxford he was admitted to what would now be called an *ad eundem* degree, and was appointed the eleventh divinity reader. It was during his residence at Oxford that he joined the order of St. Francis, but before he took his doctor's degree, for Adam de Marisco writes to the uncle of a lad at the University, asking who he would wish to be his nephew's tutor in place of "dominus Johannes de Peckham, scholaris," who had just joined the Friars Minors. From Oxford he returned to Paris, where he lectured on the *Sententia* of Peter Lombard. His observance of the rule of his order was of the strictest fasting as it were for seven Lents a year. Though he recommended these practices he did not enforce them on others. In time he attained the dignity of Provincial Minister of England, and when his duties necessitated his attendance at the general chapter at Padua, he traveled thither on foot. The fame of his learning having spread over the continent, he was invited to Rome, probably by pope Nicholas III., himself a Franciscan of such eminence, that the friars called him the Sun of the order and Peckham the Moon. Here in Rome he was *Lector Sacri Palatii*, his lectures being attended by large audiences. It is stated that when he passed through the school to take his place in the professional chair, the whole of his audience arose and uncovered.

While he was thus occupied in lecturing on theology at Rome, Pope Nicholas III made him archbishop of Canterbury, though for a long time he refused the new dignity. He was consecrated March 12, 1279. On his passage through France he met Edward I. at Amiens, where the king had met Philippe Le Hardi, to arrange the session to Edward of the counties of Agenois and Poothien. Peckham's conduct to the King throughout his life was marked by a complete absence of subservience. He was honorable and irascible in his attitude to the Pope, King and clergy. He tells the King that he is mocked at throughout the Church for his connivance at the King's clerks holding "a damnable number of benefices."

A Franciscan being vowed to poverty had no money at his disposal, and the new archbishop was obliged to borrow several thousand marks from Italian bankers, for an archbishop could hardly walk over France as a provincial minister had done. His poverty does not seem to affect him so much as the threat of ex-communication held over him by the bankers.

In forming an estimate of the archbishop's character, regard must be had for his frequent exertions in favor of the poor and against anything like oppression, whether it came from the pope, the king, the nobility or the dignitaries of the church. He was constantly in hot water in attempting to adjust their conflicting interests as may be seen from his letters published a few years ago. They are written in both Latin and French and are addressed to all sorts and conditions of men from King Edward I down.

As an illustration of his style and manner of addressing the King the following translation of one of his Latin letters, for which I am indebted to Prof. Rolfe of the University of Michigan, will show that Peckhams have been Peckhams for 600 years.

To EDWARD I.

"To the most excellent prince and lord, Edward, by the grace of God, illustrious King of England, lord of Ireland and chief of Aquitaine, and to his learned advisers, brother John, etc., with all reverence and honor offers the prayers of an anxious heart. We are bidden by God's authority to honor the King's majesty, and we are bound to the same by innumerable favors. Yet, because one ought to obey God rather than man, we can be bound by no human enactment, nor even by an oath to transgress those laws which beyond all doubt rest upon divine authority. Since whatever is opposed to the divine will, is unlawful and damned as the lord says in the words of the prophet: 'Woe to them who enact unjust laws.' Because therefore from ancient times between the Kings and lords of Britain on the one side, and between the archbishops and bishops and the clergy of the same realm on the other, there has existed a bitter dissension with an oppression of the church contrary to the desires of the pope, contrary to the laws of the councils, contrary to the enactments of the orthodox fathers, in which there is vested the greatest authority, the highest truth and the greatest holiness, we beseech your divine majesty that for the honor of God, and for the safety of his own soul and those of his people, and for the enduring prosperity of his line, to be gained from the Lord of all, to whose injury the oppression of the church contrary to His laws is directed, but he deign to put a salutary end to this discord, dangerous to the realm and dangerous to the clergy. And to this an end can be put in no other way, except you deign to incline your highness before the three powers, to wit, the decrees of the popes, the enactments of the councils, and the laws of the orthodox fathers, in accordance of the will of God, together with the catholic rulers. For, from these three are the canons collected and the rights of your crown subject to the crown of Christ, to whom belong the diadem and the necklace of his bride, the liberties of the church as a whole, since he says through the prophet: 'Like a bridegroom adorned with a crown and like a bride decorated with her pearls'.

"Furthermore the Lord of all has given power to the decrees of the popes, saying to Peter in the Gospel according to Matthew: 'Whatever you have decreed on earth will also be decreed in Heaven.' Since the pope binds not with bodily, but with spiritual bonds, to wit with the sacred law, which all men are expected to obey, since the Lord also says in the words of Moses in Deuteronomy: 'Whoso shall hautily refuse to obey the mandate of the prince, who at that time works the will of the Lord thy God, in accordance with the decree of the judge, that man shall die.' Moreover from this obedience the royal majesty is not exempt, but is more firmly bound than the rest of the laity who are inferior to it. Next in order follow these words: 'After the King has taken his seat upon the throne of his Kingdom, he shall transcribe Deuteronomy in the volume of his law, receiving a copy from three priests of the tribe of Levi, and shall read it all the days of his life, to the end that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, and to keep his word and his rites, which are prescribed in the law, that he himself and his son may rule a long time.' Therefore the King himself is bound in accordance with the mandates of the law, to obey the pope; and if he shall not do this, he may fear lest in accordance with the hint given in the law the length of his reign be diminished. Also the Saviour himself said in the Gospel of Luke to the disciples when gathered together: 'Who hears you hears me; and who despises you despises me.' Explaining this the blessed Dionisius says: 'The priests must be obeyed in what they do as priests, just as if they were inspired by God.'

"Therefore without opposition must the canons enacted in priestly wise be obeyed, that is to say the sacred will of the prelates. But some enemy of the church may hapiy say that it is not the province of the pope to impose the yoke of such laws or canons upon the secular prince; but we, together with the church as a whole and together with all the holy and learned men of the world, affirm the direct contrary of this. Now, if it is inquired how the remedy of peace ought to be applied to this discord, the Lord teaches us in the above passage of Deuteronomy, saying: 'If you shall preceive a difficult and doubtful judgment before you, and you shall see that the words of the judges within your gates vary, rise and ascend to the place which the Lord thy God has chosen, and you will come to the priest of the tribe of Levi, and to him who shall be judge at that time, and you shall inquire from them and they shall decide for you the true judgment; and you shall do whatever they say who hold the place which the Lord has chosen, and he will teach you according to his law.' Therefore the settlement of the whole controversy is the province of the pope, and it cannot be terminated by any inferior judges.

"Also of how great authority the church is when gathered together in the name of Christ appears from the gospel of Matthew, where the Lord says: 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in their midst.' And in the same book, 'If he shall not hear to the church, let him be in thy sight as a heathen and a publican.' Those therefore who do not obey the church, especially when it is gathered together in council, must be regarded as heretics. Also of how great authority is the pure teaching of the holy fathers, is evident from the testimony of the Saviour, who says in the gospel according to Matthew: 'It is not you who speak, but the spirit of your father which speaks in you.' So thus it is the same thing to resist the decrees of the holy fathers and to oppose the utterances of the holy spirit. Bearing these things in mind, the catholic rulers have subjected their laws to the sacred canons, that they might not be looked upon as schismatics or as heretics. Since therefore, O most excellent lord and King, the illustrious peace of your dominion is in your hands, you also are bound to subject your laws to the canons and to abolish those which are opposed to them; for the part is disgraceful which is not in harmony with the whole. Besides, Constantine, King of England and ruler of the world as well, granted all that we now seek for, and in particular decreed that the persons of the clergy should be judged only by the prelates of the church. This also Oeyglired, King of Kent, allowed to be done, declaring that the canons must be observed, as is clear from the council held by Brighewald the archbishop in the year of our Lord 794. This also King Canute set forth in his written laws with regard to the persons of the clergy. The sainted Edward also, when about to be raised to the throne of England, swore that he would preserve inviolate the laws of King Canute. Also King William to whom the sainted Edward gave over the throne, allowed the former's laws to be observed. This holy man decreed among other things, that if anyone should break the peace of the Church, justice should be exercised by the bishops, and not by the officials of the King, unless on account of the impotence or neglect of the bishop, and he enacted many other holy regulations, the keeping of which tended to the honor of God and the favor of the King in the sight of God.

"We also believe that the church of this island was in possession of the liberties which we seek during the reign of these Kings of different tongues of the said island; to wit: in the time of the British Kings, as is evident from the part of that church which still survives in parts of Wales, and has not learned to be oppressed contrary to the liberties of this sort. Also in the time of the old Saxon Kings, for example, Kings Canute and Hardicanute, and beyond question in the time of the sainted Edward. Also in the time of the first of the Norman Kings, the renowned conqueror and lord, William the first. The oppressions we complain of we believe took their rise in the time of King Henry the first, and especially of King Henry, the father of the younger Henry, since he did not wish that the articles of tribute be confirmed through the consent of St. Thomas, the archbishop and the other pontiffs of England, and because he was unwilling to consent to these, he suffered exile and afterwards on a similar occasion martyrdom. If therefore, not the punishment but the cause makes the martyr, the articles for refusing to consent to which he suffered torment, are unlawful and damnable. The wrongs done to him are repeated as often as clergy or church are oppressed contrary to those canons which he wished to be observed.

"Because, therefore, most excellent Lord, we are compelled by fear of conscience so to write these things to you, as we should wish to answer them on the dread day of judgment, we humbly pray you that you deign to lend your ear to these our exhortations, you who are bound by oath to root out evils from your kingdom, and who cannot be bound by any oath to those things which are opposed to the liberty of the church. And we abundantly absolve you from every oath which can rouse your conscience at all against the church. And we firmly believe, that you cannot provide well for your soul or assure the stability of your line for the future, unless you deign to listen to our exhortation, for which so many holy fathers, and finally Lord Boniface of holy memory, the uncle of your illustrious mother, labored so anxiously, to which we believe the goodness of your heart is inclined, unless impious advisers deceive you. If they so do, we beseech Almighty God so to smite them for a season, that their souls may be saved. Given at Lambeth, Nov. 2, in the year of our Lord 1281, and in the third year of our consecration (as archbishop)."

A careful perusal of this letter suggests food for thought on several lines. It is a revelation of the uprightness and independence of Peckham's character. The curious invocation with which it closes is amusing. Granting the validity of Peckham's premises, his argument in support of theocratic absolutism is unreasonable. The letter, too, is a glimpse into the intricacies of mediaeval theology rarely offered in the naive, unconscious frankness of perfect sincerity.

(To be continued.)

FIRST EDITION.

"THE DISCOVERIE OF THE LARGE, RICH, AND BEWTYFUL EMPYRE OF GUIANA, with a relation of the great and Golden Citie of Manoa (which the Spanyards call El Dorado.) And the Prouinces of Emeria, Arromaia, Amapaia, and other Countries, with their riuers, adioyning. Performed in the yeare 1595, by Sir W. Ralegh Knight, Captaine of her Maiesties Guard, Lo. Warden of the Stannaries, and her Highnesse Lieutenant generall of the Countie of Cornewall." "Imprinted at London by Robert Robinson, 1596." The above is the title page of an ancient and well preserved book, which we have before us. It is a rare volume and probably the only one extant. It is bound in red morocco with gilt edges. Any one wishing to purchase this valuable work will please correspond with A. R. C., MERCURY office, stating price.

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Be human, be happy. 'Tis X-mas-tide; join the laughing, happy crowds that throng this store. Come with the little ones, they'll enjoy the feast Santa has spread for them. Xmas time is children's time.

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Pockets for Go-Carts, will keep them snug as a bug in a rug, $3.35.

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Like big folks—that's what pleases the little ones most. How big they feel in a little chair like mamma's. Here are some just the sort.
Large Little Arm Rockers of rattan, with full roll and fancy back, $2.25.
Others for 75c.

From Grandma to Baby

Christmas comes just in time for grandma's first present to the dear little thing. Let it be a high chair. The little tot is just old enough to sit at the table.
Albenaly—all oak, with tray, $1.10.

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Quite the thing for a change. Beauties in fancy colored rattan and wood $5c. to $2.75.

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Tiny Carriages for tiny misses, $1.00.

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Bread and Milk Sets,	55c.
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And other States was ordered November 20th, and is now in force.

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Are hereby prohibited from removing any such animals from the premises where they now are, under the

PENALTY OF THE LAW.

By order of the State Board of Agriculture.
GEO. A. STOCKWELL, Secretary.
Providence, Dec. 11, 1902—12-20-2w

RHODE ISLAND

NORMAL SCHOOL.

SPRING TERM begins MONDAY, February 2, at 8 o'clock a. m. Examinations for admission and classification will be held Friday, January 16, beginning at 8 a. m. For catalogue or other information apply to CHARLES S. CHAPIN, Principal, Box 371, or THOMAS B. STOCKWELL, Secretary Trustees, Box 1432, Providence.
12-23-1w

National Exchange Bank.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank will be held at their banking rooms, Tuesday, January 13, 1903, at 3 o'clock p. m., to elect directors for the ensuing year, and for any other business that may lawfully come before said meeting.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 17, 1902—12-20

National Exchange Bank.

Dividend No. 75.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be paid to the stockholders of this bank, January 1, 1903.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 17, 1902—12-20

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS who have bills or accounts against the City of Newport, are notified to present them before TUESDAY, December 23, 1902, to the departments for which they were contracted.
DAVID STEVENS,
12-6 City Clerk.

NEWPORT OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 30, 1902.

J. H. BARNEY, JR., presents

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The most marvellous conductor in the world, who set New York music-mad, was the talk of the town and a craze all summer

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ITALIAN BAND

Direct from
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The Sensation of the Century. Assisted by
MME. BARNI, - - Lyric Soprano
PRICES—Afternoon, 50c. Evenings, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Seats on sale at Barney's Music Store on and after Dec. 15.
12-13-dw Jewett Piano used.

Island Savings Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., December 23, 1902.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum, will be paid to the depositors, on and after January 15, 1903.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.
12-27

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First National Bank.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank for the choice of directors, will be held Tuesday, January 13, 1903, from eleven to twelve o'clock m.
NATH'L R. SWINBURNE, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 12, 1902—12-20

New England Commercial Bank.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders will be held Tuesday, January 6th, 1903, at three o'clock p. m.

A semi-annual dividend will be paid to the stockholders on and after January 20, 1903.
N. UNDERWOOD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 9, 1902—12-20

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 1, 1902.

Estate of Albert B. Dodge.

HERBERT S. MILLIKIN, administrator of the estate of Albert B. Dodge, late of New Shoreham, deceased, presents his final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 5th day of January, 1903, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at the Town Hall, in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.
EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
12-30

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., December 16, A. D. 1902.

THE COMMISSIONERS heretofore appointed by this Court to examine and take the proof of the claims of the several creditors against the estate of

WILLIAM H. BLISS,

late of said Middletown, deceased, represented insolvent, present to this Court their report thereon:

It is ordered that the consideration of said report be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of January, next, A. D. 1903, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least in the *Newport Mercury*.
ALBERT L. OHASE,
12-20 Probate Clerk.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that by the will of her late husband, BENJAMIN HOWLAND, late of Middletown, R. I., deceased, she is appointed the sole Executrix thereof; that said will has been proved, approved, allowed and passed for record by the Court of Probate of said Middletown; that she has given bond to said Court and is now duly qualified to act as the Executrix of said will. All persons having claims against the estate of the said Benjamin Howland are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.
JULIA M. HOWLAND,
Executrix.
Middletown, R. I., Dec. 6, 1902—12-6

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FOXY GRANDPA

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultze said to me one day at lunch—"What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his head.

The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny"?

The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

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To Those Who Are To Be,
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